

THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. X.—No. 256.]

DECEMBER 1, 1851.
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CIRCULATION OF THE CRITIC.

The following letter speaks for itself:—

"To Mr. CROCKFORD, Publisher of 'The Critic, London Literary Journal.'"

"DEAR SIR,—In compliance with your request, we beg to state that the following are the quantities of each number of THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL, for the present year 1851, which we have printed for you:

No.	Copies.	No.	Copies.
231, January 1 ..	1,450	241, June 1 ..	4,000
235, January 15 ..	2,000	245, June 15 ..	4,750
236, February 1 ..	1,675	246, July 1 ..	5,000
237, February 15 ..	2,500	247, July 15 ..	5,300
238, March 1 ..	2,250	248, August 1 ..	5,350
239, March 15 ..	2,600	249, August 15 ..	5,800
240, April 1 ..	3,500	250, September 1 ..	5,850
241, April 15 ..	4,000	251, September 15 ..	6,000
242, May 1 ..	3,500	252, October 1 ..	6,300
243, May 15 ..	4,000	253, October 15 ..	6,300

"We can assure any of your Advertisers of the strict accuracy of the above statement.

"We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"COX BROTHERS, AND WYMAN,

"Printers to the Hon. East India Company,

"74, 75, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields,
October 29, 1851."

THE CRITIC,
LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

TO READERS.

THE squabbles of Journalists are neither creditable to themselves, nor interesting to their readers; and we should have passed in silence the attack made upon us by *The Literary Gazette*, as an ebullition of a not unnatural ill-temper, produced by the ill-success of its experiment of reduction of price, and the public proof it is just now compelled to give of this by raising its price again,—but for the unusual means it has taken to bring its sorrows under the notice of our subscribers, by sending to every one a copy of the number containing them.

Our answers will be very brief—we take the charges in their order.

1st. That THE CRITIC is recently established.

Answer. It is eight years old.

2nd. That we have obtained subscribers intended for itself, by reason of our title of THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

Answer. There is no similarity between the titles of "LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL" and "Literary Gazette." This is a very lame explanation of the vast difference between THE CRITIC circulation and its own.

3rd. That we stated the whole of our numbers printed, and not those sold.

Answer. We printed 6,400: (now 6,500.) Our list of subscribers shows the actual names and addresses of 5,880, leaving only 520 for sale through newsmen, and for monthly and quarterly parts. Our free list is not fifty.

4th. That we did not state accurately the circulation of *The Literary Gazette*.

Answer. We took the best information we could procure—the Government Stamp Return.

We will not detain our readers another moment with words, but let facts speak. There are 5,800 actual subscribers to THE CRITIC; there is a circulation of 6,400. Nothing can avoid the conclusion which every man who can count his fingers must come to—that in THE CRITIC he obtains for his advertisements or books more than three times as many readers as through *The Literary Gazette*, and it is not very reasonable in our contemporary to complain that so obvious a fact should be made known to those who must be desirous to obtain the greatest advantage they can in return for their advertising expenditure.

TO AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND
COMPOSERS.

THE Directory of Living Authors, Artists, and Composers is making progress. A great number of the prescribed forms, with the desired particulars, have been returned. We shall be obliged by those who have not filled them up and returned them, to do so without delay, as we are desirous of printing the first number immediately.

A printed form will be forwarded to any Author, Artist, or Composer, who will favour us with his address.

BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE.

[FIFTH ARTICLE.]

THE costume of the Russian engineers, which was exceedingly brilliant, set off to great advantage SAINT-PIERRE's personal beauty, of which he was

not a little vain. His friend, BARASDINE, thought he looked so well in his new dress that he immediately introduced him to his uncle, M. DE VILLEBOIS, who was at the head of the artillery. He was a Frenchman, and AIME MARTIN gives us a flattering portrait of him in some of those sonorous sentences which occasionally become monotonous from being so indiscriminately lavished on mighty matters and on small. M. DE VILLEBOIS received SAINT-PIERRE with abounding cordiality. Though, no doubt, sincerely desirous of promoting BERNARDIN's interests, as well as of serving with his weighty influence his nephew's friend, he yet considerably diminished the worth of whatever kindness he might show him by wishing to convert the young adventurer into the tool of his own ambition. He had conceived the design of upsetting the power of ORLOW, the Empress's favourite, and to whom she owed her throne, by dazzling her eyes with the fascinating features of SAINT-PIERRE, who could not fail, it was concluded, to be grateful to the man who had placed him so near a throne. He therefore told him one evening of his intention to present him to the Empress on the morrow, dropping no hint, however, of what he expected to be a possible result of the interview. BERNARDIN's enthusiasm about the Empress and her mission among the nations was immense, and he would have been filled with astonishment, and perhaps, with horror and indignation, if he had known the ignoble part which he was thought capable of playing. He saw in CATHERINE not the vicious woman rioting in filthiest bestialities, but the ruler of vast dominions, whose force of will was transformed by his imagination into genius, and who would be ready to place her enormous resources at his disposal, for the realisation of his transcendent schemes, as soon as she was made acquainted with them. Filled with these ideas, and with his brain on fire, he quitted M. DE VILLEBOIS as soon as politeness permitted, and rushed home to put in a systematic form, on paper, his crowding daring enthusiasms. He passed the night in a delirious ecstasy, in which the gallop of each throbbing conquering thought was the prophecy of revolutions marching rapidly as sunshine, and as beneficently, through the gorgeous lands of the East. He prepared a grand oration, which he intended to deliver to the Empress, on the glory of kings who should do what kings have never yet done, and are never likely to do, devote all their energies and all their means to the founding of Republics, such as those that PLATO, ROUSSEAU, and others have imagined. He had written the *Plan of a Company for the Discovery of a Passage to the Indies, by Russia*. This sketch he read and reread, touched and retouched, declaiming each eloquent passage as if he were addressing ten thousand people; stopping every now and then to open PLUTARCH, to catch from loving reverent contact with great men fresh inspiration, when his own was ceasing to bubble over the brim. Besides what was ostensibly the main purpose of the *Plan*, the making Russia the chief medium of commercial communication between Europe and Southern Asia, SAINT-PIERRE proposed establishing on the eastern shore of the Caspian Sea, under the name of Company, a sort of model republic, in which all the virtues should prevail—in which all the virtuous of every nation should be received as brethren—and which should bring back to earth the gladness, the innocence, the radiance, and the peace of the Golden Age. In reading calmly the *Plan* in these days, it does not seem to contain anything so very chimerical; and, unquestionably, vaster and stranger things are in store for the East, the most important and indispensable preliminaries of which are that Engiad should take possession of Egypt, should extend her power in the Mediterranean, and should consolidate her empire in India, by making the English language, English institutions, and English education universal. The *Plan*, moreover, is not a mere cluster of airy visions, but supports its views with many historical and statistical facts. When the morning dawned on that feverish night, SAINT-PIERRE prepared himself for the most august presence that had yet awed him through its dignity, or encouraged him through its radiance, by an elaborate toilette, though he hurried every now and then to add an idea, or to improve an expression, by which the *project* might be rendered more seductive. At last, the audience hour approached. With his *Plan* in his pocket, which he read once more before setting out, with PLUTARCH in his head, and with the regenerated East flowing loosely around him like a garment,



SAINT-PIERRE hastened to the mansion of M. DE VILLEBOIS, in whose carriage, and in whose company, he was immediately conveyed to the palace. They entered a magnificent gallery crowded with princes, and with the great lords of the court. It was a scene of enchantment—the more dazzling from its contrast to the general aspect of the country, and to BERNARDIN's recent circumstances. Though all in this brilliant crowd affected French manners and French politeness, yet a glance less keen and quick than that of a Frenchman, could have easily discerned that beneath a hair's-breadth of that glittering surface, everything was barbarism. Russia was not then and is not now a civilized country. The physical features of Russia, the nature of its government, its social structure alike oppose its rapid civilization. For it as for all lands similarly situated, civilization can only be an element of corruption in the midst of its innate brutality. BERNARDIN therefore saw that if those around him had not the true politeness of the gentleman, they carried the falsehood of the courtier to an extent, which, in more civilized regions would have been impossible, since they joined the cunning of the savage to the more elegant deceptions which they had imported from milder climes. From the frankness, the satisfaction, and the delight which gleamed on every countenance, one would have said that this was a gathering of brethren met to pour into a common treasury what of noblest they had, and to make each other happy. To have been truthful even for a moment in that atmosphere of lies, would have seemed to those who every day breathed that atmosphere, the excess of folly. He alone was admired, who could most successfully appear what he was not, who could utter with the glibest tongue what he did not think, and who could protest his faith the warmest in those of his neighbour's protestations, to which he gave the smallest credence. The whole thing was a gymnasium of trickery, in which to be a dupe was to be an unfortunate athlete, of whom better things might be expected by and by. You were sent there to try how much foul air you could swallow without being stifled, and to assume the pleasantest look when you felt the most uncomfortable. In those halls, however so leoprous with untruth, there were some real things. The ribands which streamed like rainbows on many a haughty though most hollow breast, and the gold, the silver, the jewels which rayed their starriness around. PLUTARCH and the Regenerated East refused to enter with SAINT-PIERRE into this majestic mob of hypocrites, armed at all points against everything but their own inordinate and unscrupulous ambition. At the sight of so many men so gorgeously apparelled, so much at their ease, so prodigal in their courtesy to those they most hated or who stood in their way, billowing to and fro under a blaze of light, SAINT-PIERRE lost his assurance and shrank in his own estimation, into a very insignificant person indeed. He was but as an animalcule on that brilliant sea, and beneath were visible with yawning jaws the cruel monsters of the deep. The coolness, the confidence of the courtier are things only to be acquired after long experience, and this poor BERNARDIN had forgotten. He was overwhelmed with shame for his childish credulity in supposing that they could ever listen with attentive ears to the honest language of truth, they, whose daily food was falsehood; that they could ever protect free men or aid in the emancipation of the world, they who derived their wealth, their titles, their influence from the remorseless despotism which they exercised over crushed and squalid serfs; that they could ever aid in promoting the reign of the Divine on the earth, they whose goddess was a lustful queen, who had reached the throne by blood and treachery. These thoughts afflicted him till they grew into ghastly terrors which he had no longer the courage to vanquish. He was suddenly seized with the idea that it would be a becoming act to fly with fleetest feet from that gang of slaves, and he was just of the impulsive temperament to perform an act which would have justified its rashness by its righteousness. But lo! all voices are hushed and all the multitudinous murmurs die away. The doors of the gallery are thrown open with a great noise, and then a universal silence becomes the herald of the Monarch. Alone, the German woman, whom the Russians had exalted to be their Empress, comes, noble in her deportment, graceful in her gait, with a softness in her air which inspired attachment, and yet with a seriousness in her countenance which inspired respect. She stops

to speak to M. DE VILLEBOIS. Whilst the latter is addressing her she fixes her gaze on the young enthusiast who was to help her to rule the enormous Russias and to make her sway more beneficent on the globe. At a sign from M. DE VILLEBOIS he comes forward, and according to custom bends his knee to the ground to kiss the hand which the Empress held out to him. This ceremony over, she asked him many questions about France. His answers were given with freedom, firmness, and intelligence. The Empress rewarded him with one of her sunniest and most condescending smiles. The sense of horrible depression and isolation which had tortured him but a moment before, gave place now to an exultation as unreasoning. She told him that she was much delighted to find him in her service, and prayed him to learn the Russian language. Then saluting M. DE VILLEBOIS, and throwing on the handsome youth, whom he had introduced to her, a glance of tenderness and protection, she mingled with the grantees who were waiting to cast their flatteries at her feet. The rapidity of this scene quite disconcerted SAINT-PIERRE. His fine discourse stuck at the bottom of his throat, and his Plan had not the courage to present itself unless accompanied by the discourse. He who had come with the intention of pouring into brave and burning words the essence of all that PLUTARCH's great men were, had fawned as basely as the meanest miscreant in a throng whose vileness could not be hid by jewels and lace. He could not explain to himself the witchery to which he had so readily yielded. In the anguish of remorse for his feebleness he found no way to account for being so feeble after he had armed himself with such valiant resolves. Farewell now, however, to the glorious republic on the shores of the Caspian! Farewell to the Golden Age in the Future of which he was to be the pioneer! Farewell to the Regenerated East, and to new, juster, more benignant laws, and a gladder life for the whole world. In the wretchedness of his humiliation and despondency SAINT-PIERRE confessed that he was unfit to be a Christian LYCURGUS for Humanity who could so little govern himself, and who at the very first temptation sank without a struggle to the level of the vulgar herd. He had not, however, much time for painful reflections and gloomy forebodings. As soon as the Empress had retired the courtiers crowded round M. DE VILLEBOIS and congratulated him on the flattering reception which his young friend had met with. SAINT-PIERRE became all at once as much an object of attraction as the Empress herself had just been a moment before. Offers to serve him were made by every one. They rivalled each other in complimenting and in praising him. He found that there were hundreds of persons whose faces he had never seen before ready to live or die for him. Count ORLOW, the most powerful man at that moment in Russia, came forward among the rest and asked him to breakfast. There might be policy in this on the part of the Count, but there might also be a better motive, for the Count though rude and fierce, was not without goodness of heart. The Baron DE BRETEUIL, the French ambassador, tried not to be behind ORLOW in civility and pretended to grumble at SAINT-PIERRE for not having called on him. Bewildered by such unaccustomed attentions, giddy with such unlooked-for incense, BERNARDIN knew not whether to believe himself a mockery, an idol, or a phantom. He could not understand how he had all at once become such an important personage. His friend BARASDINE stood not far off, the delighted spectator of BERNARDIN's success. When they were alone, BARASDINE unfolded to SAINT-PIERRE the meaning of what had puzzled him so much, the promptitude and the zeal of courtiers to worship a subaltern in the engineers. "It is thought," he said, "that my uncle has cast his eyes on you to shake the power of ORLOW, and, by that means, to aggrandize his own authority, and augment his own influence. It is also stated that the Empress has praised your beauty, your boldness, and the vivacity and clearness of your replies. My uncle and many of the courtiers have echoed the praises, which ORLOW hearing, he seemed much alarmed. Take my advice, and have the courage to be the rival of that unworthy favourite. Every one will be ready to lend you, or to give you money. Live like a nobleman, take a nobleman's mansion, and let all your movements, expenses, and environments be in the style of a Grandee. Throw yourself on every occasion in the way of the Empress; she is young, charming, susceptible. You are a

Frenchman, with a Frenchman's attractive manners, and your own attractive person. Your fate is in your own hands; you may accomplish whatever you choose." Was it, then, come to this? As the reward of all his toils, and as the consummation of his destiny, was he to mix in the lowest intrigues in order to become the pander to royal lusts? When SAINT-PIERRE heard BARASDINE's strange statements, and stranger propositions, he could scarcely believe that one for whom he had conceived much esteem and attachment was serious. The moment he discovered him to be so, he did not hesitate an instant in taking a resolution. He admired CATHARINE as the Empress only, and not as the woman. He therefore rejected BARASDINE's proposals and insinuations with most distinct and indignant emphasis. However ambitious, he had too much the loftiness of the visionary to sell himself; however vain, it was not from the breath of pollution that he could accept any part of his glory. If his enthusiasm had driven him to a false step, his enthusiasm saved him from its most degrading consequences.

KENNETH MORENCY.

TWO CENTURIES AGO.

FROM THE OLD BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

(Monday, the 1st, to Tuesday, the 16th December, 1651.)

[A diary of what our ancestors were saying and doing, on the same days of the month, two centuries ago, will, we trust, afford an interesting, as it will be a curious and novel, subject of comparison. We propose to continue the following:—]

1. RETROSPECT. 2. THE COUNCIL OF STATE. 3. PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS. 4. THE METROPOLIS. 5. THE PROVINCES. 6. SCOTLAND AND IRELAND. 7. LITERATURE AND SOCIETY.*

1. MONDAY, the 1st of December, 1651, is the first day, according to the historians, of the fourth year of the English Commonwealth; for on it the fourth Council of State the realm had seen in supreme executive authority over it, was formally installed. At home things look better for the three-year old republic than ever they had looked before. The first Council of State was installed on the 17th of February, 1649, eighteen days after the beheading of Charles I.; and there were still Royalist Ireland and Royalist Scotland to subdue. The second Council of State was installed on the 18th of February, 1650, by which time Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, had but scotched the Irish snake which was finally killed by the same person towards the summer of the same year. It was on the 3rd of January, 1651, that the third Council of State was installed; and on the 3rd of September of the preceding year the Presbyterian Royalism of Scotland got an almost fatal blow on the field of Dunbar, but the "crowning mercy" was not vouchsafed until another twelve months. We are now at the 1st of December, 1651, with a fourth Council of State entering on its duties, under such auspices as no prior one had witnessed; for last Wednesday three months was the Battle of Worcester, when Royalism of all kinds, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and even Popish vanished into air—into thin air—before the push of the Puritan pike, and the bullet from the Puritan matchlock. Two days before, General Monk, commanding in Scotland, stormed Dundee, the last Royalist stronghold north of the Tweed. This day five weeks (Monday, 27th of October), Limerick, almost the last Royalist stronghold in Ireland, surrendered to Cromwell's son-in-law, the Lord Deputy Ireton. In England there is nothing but submission, voluntary or forced. Grandees like the Duke Hamilton, and the Earl of Derby (ancestor of our Protectionist Earl), have laid their heads upon the block for treason to the Commonwealth. There need nothing now prevent the peaceful progress of Reform. So thinks Oliver Cromwell, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Captain-General of all the forces raised and to be raised in the united Commonwealth. Tuesday week after the battle of Worcester (16th September) he reappeared in Parliament. With his reappearance there all goes briskly. By the 14th of November, it is agreed that the 150 or so members who now, as Rump of the Long Parliament, or rather of the Lower House thereof, govern the country, shall not sit longer than the 3rd November, 1654;—about three years on.

* Godwin's *History of the Commonwealth*, Vol. III., p. 299, &c.; *Commons' Journals*, p. 142, &c.; *Whitlock's Memorials* (edition 1732), pp. 515–17; *Newspapers in King's Pamphlets* (British Museum) small 4to., No. LVI.

Carlyle thinks they will have to dismiss before then. We shall see.

2. This day week (Monday, the 24th November), Honourable gentlemen, members of the House of Commons, came in unusual force to vote in the Council of State for the ensuing year. In general, only some forty or fifty members are kind enough to make a house; but on so special an occasion, no fewer than 118 attended. The Council of State is to consist of forty-one members, chosen by ballot, twenty-one of the prior council re-eligible; the other twenty to be picked from all and sundry. I observe that the Lord General Cromwell combines the whole 118 votes; next to him comes Whitlocke, the Commissioner of the Great Seal (author, it is almost needless, of the well-known *Memorials*), with 113; St. John gets 108; Sir Harry Vane, 104; and Cromwell's after-ward son-in-law, the Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, 102; so that the army has, on the whole, no reason to complain. The rights and duties of this council appear to be pretty much those of a cabinet of the present day; it originates, and it receives, propositions; and being chosen by the Commons, works pretty harmoniously with its constituents.

3. Monday, the 1st, is a holiday with Honourable Gentlemen, as Saturday is now; chiefly, I suppose, because there must be a weekly holiday; and it is on Mondays the Council of State holds its meetings. On Tuesday, the 2nd, there is, however, a sitting, at which "Amendments" to a bill for a "General Pardon and Act of Oblivion" in favour of most persons ready to submit to the triumphant powers that be, are taken into consideration. It is an old bill, this, but has lain asleep, till the Lord General Cromwell came to awake it, with many others. Wednesday, the 3rd, the business is "An Additional Act for Sale of several Estates" of delinquents who have hitherto escaped paying their shot, so that wind may be raised for the poor Commonwealth. Thursday, the 4th, there is high debate, with more than one division on the "Instructions for the Commissioners to go into Scotland" to unite the two Kingdoms in most stringent bonds. But what the debate was, who can tell? for there were no reporters and Hansard in those days; and nothing but the briefest jottings in the Commons journals survive. So strict, indeed, is the closeness preserved on an occasion like this, that I find, "Resolved, that all the Members of Parliament be and are enjoined Secrecy as touching these instructions, and the matters therein contained, until the Parliament take further order;" not the slightest trace of an appeal to "public opinion." Friday, the 5th, what we should call the "Army Estimates" are gone into; a considerable reduction in the effective force taking place, now that the country is at peace. Further, there comes a proposition from the Council of State for a vote for the establishments at Scarborough Fort and Arundel Castle. Let us see what military pay was in those days. For Arundel Castle it is suggested and agreed to that—

The Governor shall have, <i>per diem</i>	s. d.
The Lieutenant	3 0
A Serjeant	1 8
Two Corporals, each	1 2
Fifty Soldiers, each	0 10

"Governors" have rather risen in the market since then; but soldiers are pretty much at the old figure.

Further, this same day, the Earl of Derby having lost his head, and the Countess (Sir Walter's and Peveril of the Peak's Countess) being forced to abandon the Isle of Man, it is resolved, "that the Isle of Man may be taken in as part of England, yet retaining such laws already established as are equitable and just, and more suitable to the condition of that people than any other that can be imposed. To which end it will be convenient that Dempster Christian, and his brother the Receiver, two of the ablest and honestest gentlemen of the island, may be commanded to attend the council, by whom they may receive a full and true account touching their laws." Dempster William is he with whose execution Major Bridgenorth reproaches Lady Derby in *Peveril of the Peak*, and the Maux maidens still at this day sing a doleful ditty, bewailing his sad fate.* Thursday, the 9th, is the morrow of the day on which tidings reached London that Ireton, Lord Deputy of Ireland, and Cromwell's son-in-law, was dead—dead of a cold caught at the siege of Limerick. Whereon it is resolved that "the corpse of the late Lord Deputy

General of Ireland may be brought up to London in a fitting manner," and that there be provided "an honourable interment of the said corpse, at the charge of the State." On Wednesday, the 10th, as on most Wednesdays then seemingly, and as on all Wednesdays now, there was a short sitting, petitions only being received; no doubt, from the well-affected in various parts of the kingdom craving "Reform," now that there is peace and quietness in the land. Skipping Thursday, with its "business of no importance," I come to Friday, the 12th, with what must have been a fierce debate on the question whether beer brewed for home consumption shall be liable to the excise. Sir Harry Vane, being on the Committee of the Navy, is clear that it should; the smell of all cash being good in Sir Harry's nostrils. Finally, it is settled, by fifty-seven to thirty, that beer not for sale shall not be excisable; and among the tellers for the majority, I observe a Mr. Challoner, whom Cromwell afterwards, when kicking out the Long Parliament, designated "a drunkard." Still more important is another resolution, carried to-day, of which I wonder whether the authorship is due to Cromwell. Honourable gentlemen have divided themselves into executive committees, for this, that, and the other purpose, responsible to no one, for it is an all but perpetual Parliament, and a good deal of speculation and favouritism, people say, are practised under such a system. Somebody delicately calling attention to its evils, it is resolved, with a view (avowedly) that members should have nothing to distract them from their "Parliamentary duties," that "Such powers as have been committed by the Parliament to the General Committees of Indemnity," and so forth "shall be transferred out of the hands of the Members of Parliament, and be put into such hands, and in such way, as by act of Parliament shall be appointed, to the end that" (for nothing can be more delicate than the wording) "Members of Parliament may be at liberty to attend the public service of the Parliament." So runs the resolution, but that anything ever came of it, much as the country and the Lord General Cromwell wished something to come of it, I have not found. Self-sacrifice, evidently, is not a "feature" in the characters of Honourable Gentlemen.

4. There is a sort of naval skirmishing with France, scarcely amounting to a war. However, on Thursday, the 4th, the hearts of patriotic London citizens are gladdened by tidings that "Captain Pen," afterwards Admiral Penn, a very slippery fellow, and father to the celebrated William, "hath taken some French vessels prize. And 'Captain Cox,' with whom I have not the honour to be acquainted, 'took,' lately, 'a French ship with thirty-nine guns, which made stout resistance, and one of the Parliament seamen,' poor fellow! 'lost both his legs with one shot of a cannon,' which was a great achievement on its part! Also there come tidings that two of the ships of our enemy, Prince Rupert, who has taken of late years to privateering, have been 'sunk, and himself hardly escaped drowning at Tercera Island;" so that the fortune of war and Providence look both of them smilingly on the "meteor flag of England." Monday, the 8th, Whitlocke hearing of Ireton's death, jots down the event in his journal with a fuller gravity than usual: "A man very able and stiff in his ways"—"very forward in reforming the proceedings in law"—which much needed it then as now.—"His death struck a great sadness into Cromwell," who has seen many men die and is not easily made sad. I find in one of the old newspapers* an Irish correspondent reporting of Ireton, that "on his death bed he had very heavenly expressions, and desired that the interest of the precious sons of Zion might be preserved." Two days afterwards the same learned Commissioner of the Great Seal details, in his journal, the famous conference of Army and Parliament Grandees summoned by Cromwell, "upon the defeat of Worcester," to consider the best steps towards a "settlement for the nation." There is peace at home and no very dangerous war abroad; now is the time for a settlement. Shall we continue a republic or convert ourselves once more into a monarchy? The lawyers are all for a constitutional monarchy; the soldiers all for a constitutional republic,—except Cromwell, who seemed to have been merely "fishing" for other people's opinions—as was very natural. Permit me, however, to remark, that with all one's complaints against the 150 odd honourable gentlemen who now constituted the supreme

authority of the nation, it is not very just to reproach them with being a "fag-end" or "rump" of the five and hundred and odd members who constituted the original Long Parliament. That they are a "Rump" Parliament is rather honourable to them than otherwise. They have purged out all the Royalists, and Presbyterians, and Trimmers, and are themselves the flower of the elected representatives of the nation. What are they to do just now? Issue new writs and fill up vacancies? Why, in that case, we may have a Royalist or Presbyterian majority again. It is a very difficult question.

5. Presbyterianism in Parliament was annihilated more than two years ago, and Presbyterianism with a sword in its hand, was cut to pieces quite recently in the fight at Worcester. But it is still strong politically and socially; regulated and decorous modes of proceeding in everything, especially in the worship of God, being dear to the English middle and upper classes, not less than to all Scotchmen. The army, however, which has at present the upper hand, prefers miscellaneous and extempore devotion; hence, frequent collisions. Thus, from Nottingham (afterwards to be famous for its chartism), a pious soldier of Colonel Whalley's regiment, writes on the 8th most strongly and indignantly to the editor of the *Perfect Passages*, an extremely angry letter: How the religious soldiers and officers there have meetings twice a week for devotional exercise, and how the Presbyterians of the higher classes cry out upon it! They have great compassion upon the Scots prisoners whom we took lately, at Worcester, and can get up subscriptions for them; but not a cheery word or a glass of beer have they for us. So much noise does this business make, that even Whitlocke writes down in his Journal on December 9th, respecting the arrival of "letters, that two troops of Colonel Whalley's regiment, quartered at Nottingham, had meetings twice a week, where their officers and some of their soldiers did preach and pray, for which they were hated and cursed by the Preachers, and their Preachers, who say: They are the greatest plagues that ever did befall that town:"—in which case, say I, "that town" has been very lucky.

The "Agricultural Interest," true to itself in all centuries, grumbles now as ever: it must be confessed that in the seventeenth century, it grumbles with considerable reason. Thursday, the 8th of December, there comes a petition stating grievances and seeking redress, from (as they call themselves), "the poor oppressed Husbandmen, Freeholders and Tenants of the East Riding of the County of York, on the behalf of themselves," and, even, so forward are they, "the rest of the nation." What is very remarkable about this petition, is that it is not addressed to the Commons House of Parliament, but to "the Lord General Cromwell, and to all the rest of the renowned Colonels, Captains, and other officers and soldiers of the army, who tender the welfare of this poor nation in England:"—a new and significant feature in petitioning, as much as to say: There is nothing to be got out of Honourable Gentlemen; let us try you brave and victorious soldiers. The first complaint of the petition is of "tithes," and how the "Commercial Interest" is in that respect unduly favoured:—"That this oppression should lie upon the poor Husbandman, more than upon any people else in the land, we humbly think to be against the law of God, and light of nature." Whereas "The Merchant Tradesmen, by a statute of the second of Edward the Sixth," &c. &c., are not nearly in fact, so hardly dealt with. Then comes a wipe at the "Lawyers" who with their clerks and so forth, do eat us up. Then the Excise, whereof the "Agents," with the connivance, we fear, of Honourable Gentlemen, "do purchase lands, and build great houses for themselves," while we (as usual) are "ruined." Next come the Assessments for the army, concerning which, the Petitioners are of opinion, that the Treasurer and the Accountants "should be compelled to make true Accounts." Surely! And in conclusion they express the telling sentiment, that "God hath not put the sword into your hand in vain." It is to be hoped: not.

With tubular bridges and steam-boats, the passage to Dublin is simple enough now-a-days: listen to what risks our Erin-bound ancestors were exposed. A Chester correspondent of *The Perfect Passages* writes to that journal of the 5th instant:—"that some pirates took the packet-boat going to Ireland. As also that two pirate-ships took a ship that was going to Dublin, with many passengers in her. But one of these pirates

* See Introduction to *Peveril of the Peak*, author's final edition.

* *Faithful Scout*, 5th-12th December, 1651.

are," O, ungrammatical correspondent! "taken by Captain Sherwin; and the other is made away from these coasts." This "other," I understand from a "well-informed quarter," is "Captain Wilmot, the great pirate." A very aristocratic name; not a member, I trust, of the Rochester family.

6. Scotland, since General Monk took Dundee, is pretty quiet; people fast coming over to own the new authority, and waiting longingly for the arrival of the English Commissioners, who are to free them from the thralldom of the "Lairds." A sort of Parliament had a sitting in the "Highlands" the other day of rather a hurried kind, for the General was at its heels, but could not catch it in the act; the soldiers' marching being hindered "by the much rain." The Scotch used to look upon us as Sectaries and what not, but they must confess that in morals we are as rigid as, or more rigid than, themselves. Here is an extract from the letter of an Edinburgh correspondent of the *Several Proceedings* of the 4th December. "At a Court Martial at Leith, this day, it was ordered that Jane Emerson, the divorced wife of Lieutenant Emerson, formerly whipt out of the garrison for a heinous impropriety, 'by a sentence of the court, and ordered never to enter the town again, being now taken upon suspicion of the same act, should be led with her face uncovered, her back bare, with a rope about her in the one hand of the Marshal, and a whip in the other, from Edinburgh Port, by the main guard, to Sand Port, in Leith, and then led back to prison, till a conveyance of shipping be had to send her back for England. And in case she re-enter the garrison again at any time hereafter, then to be whipt forth again,' which is a terrible sentence for Mrs. Emerson. For the rest, Whitlocke writes that 'the English army have no opposition in Scotland, and that only four castles stand against them.' And of Ireland, that there you cannot find 'any enemy but a few Tories and straggling robbers.'"

Literature has been rather dull this fortnight, the chief event an edition of "Herbert's Poems," the poems of "Holy George." Respecting our social state, I regret to announce that horse-stealing is very frequent in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, especially in the Highgate district; many advertisements offering rewards for recovery, and no questions asked. Here is an advertisement of another kind, from the newspaper of the fortnight, which shows that there were love and sentiment in those days, even as in ours, and no lack of stupid engravers either:—"There was lost a Wedding-ring, with two diamond rings in a little Ivory Box, like an egg, upon Wednesday December 3, in the forenoon, in Covent Garden, or thereabouts. The possy of the Wedding Ring was—'Sic vitam facimus gratioram, mistaken by the graver for 'beatioram,'—Thus do we make life more happy.'—If any one who hath found them will please to bring them to Mr. Ridley, at the Castle, near Ram Alley, in Fleet Street, he shall be contented to the value of the things found"—and could he wish for more? No lack is there of mirth and pleasure either, in those old puritan days. "On Saturday night last" (December 4th) says an ancient penny-a-liner, "there was a masque at the Middle Temple, London. Before it began, the Benchers, or Ancients of the House were in the Hall and sang the hundredth Psalm," by way of grace, "which being ended, every man drank a cup of hippocras, and so departed to their chambers," that being enough for the "Ancients," but "then the young gentlemen of that society began to recreate themselves with civil dancing and melodious music. Many ladies and persons of quality were present." The proceedings, no doubt, went off with considerable, though decorous *éclat*; nor did the dancing, methinks, terminate before a late, or rather an early, hour.—*Sic vitam facimus beatioram!*
F. ESPINASSE.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE DAY.

NOTES BY AN OBSERVER.

AUTHORS AND THEIR MOVEMENTS: *Thackeray at Oxford—The Bishop thereof and Walter Cooper—Dickens 'studying for the bar,' and its cause—Tennyson at Florence—The Brownings and Thomas Carlyle at Paris—The latter's Pedestrian Tour in Normandy, and possible Biography of William the Conqueror.* NEW BOOKS ANNOUNCED: *D'Israeli's 'Life of Lord George Bentinck'—Roebuck's 'History of the Reform Bill'—Lord Brougham on 'France and England in 1851'—Gutzlaff's 'Memoir of the late Emperor of China'—New*

Editions of Carlyle's 'Life of Sterling,' and of Mr. Kingsley's 'Yeast.' ORDER OF MERIT: *Mr. Grave in opposition—Mr. Grave in proposition—The British Museum—The Record Office—The North British Review and execution of translations from the Classics at Government expense.* PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS: *English deficiencies—Outcry against the present amusements of the working people—Meeting at Manchester and Lord Shaftesbury—The tables turned on the Aristocracy—Thomas Carlyle on the 'Opera' in 'The Keepsake' for 1852—The French Government and French Stage—Leon Faucher.* LITERARY ANNIVERSARIES: *General Remarks—The Schiller Festival at Leipzig—The Printers' Athenæum.* THE PRESS: *The Times' defence on the charge of corruption—Possibilities of the Newspaper Press—The recent Return of Newspaper Stamps.*

WHILE *The Court Circular* and the faithful *Morning Post* chronicle with fulness and accuracy the comings and goings of the monarchies and aristocracies of birth, let it be mine to record and fondly dwell on the movements of the grandees of the realm of Literature. Have all our readers heard the version given, in a lively "leader" in *The Globe*, of THACKERAY's recent adventure at Oxford? Here it is. THACKERAY had gone to Oxford with intent to deliver to the young academics on the banks of the Isis, the lectures which were lately so successful in London. By the laws of the University, however, no lecturing by extraneous persons is allowed without the consent of the authorities. THACKERAY was naturally unwilling to trouble the Chancellor of the University, who is Field Marshal his Grace the Duke of WELLINGTON, and applied to the resident second in command, a Rev. F. C. PLUMPTRE, D.D., quite unknown to fame, but none the less Vice-Chancellor of England's chief University. The Vice-Chancellor (according to *The Globe*) had never heard of THACKERAY of his works, and when mention was made of *Vanity Fair*, exclaimed "something to do with BUNYAN;—a Dissenter, I presume." THACKERAY then mentioned contributions to *Punch*, which Dr. PLUMPTRE understood to be "a ribald publication," and it was only on a "reference as to respectability and character" being given to the Bishop of OXFORD, the novelist's particular friend, that the permission sought was obtained! This is one version of the story. Dr. PLUMPTRE, however, writes to the newspapers denying that any mention was made of THACKERAY's writings at all, and asserting that the conversation which actually took place has been very incorrectly reported; but he does not condescend to add his own version. And to this letter *The Globe* rejoins that it gave the story as it had heard it, and in accordance with the version current at Oxford. It lost nothing, doubtless, by its passage to publicity through the pen of the Rev. P. MAHONY (the Father PROT of Fraser), who is now the chief writer of leading articles in that clever evening paper. By the way, the Bishop of OXFORD seems to have some rather unepiscopal friends and acquaintances. It was but the other day that it turned out, after an angry letter in one of the *Morning Newspapers*, that his Lordship got his liveries from the Tailors' Co-operative Workshop, and had had WALTER COOPER, its manager, and a quondam lecturer, at his Palace, to take the measure of his "Jeameses." The ignorant writer of the letter to the *Morning Newspaper* confounded WALTER with his uncle "TOM" COOPER, the Chartist, author of *The Purgatory of Suicides*, who has no more than Mr. GRAVE himself anything to do with the Tailors' Co-operative Workshop; although in other matters, probably, TOM and WALTER are much of the same way of thinking.

CHARLES DICKENS is, of course, absent with his brethren of the Guild of Literature and Art, histrionizing benevolently in the provinces. He has lately joined one of the Inns of Court, as THACKERAY had done before him. From a love of the wig and gown, and the glorious mysteries of the English law? Oh dear no! But there are a variety of places under Government, reserved for that omnivorous and omnipotent person, the "barrister of six years' standing;" hence this sudden appearance of the two novelists in the British Forum. Good reader! is it not extremely absurd? Why should a man-of-lettership of six years' standing (which, on the part of the humblest of the craft, involves some amount of intellect and diligence) be less respectable or less qualifying than a barristership of six years' standing, which involves nothing more intellectual than the understood descent into the stomach of

a certain number of rations of meat and pudding? But the English have a way of their own in everything, and so, without further grumbling, let me proceed. ALFRED TENNYSON—fitting transit!—has repaired to Florence—fair Florence—to pass the winter with his brother (also a poet), who is married to an Italian lady there. The BROWNINGS are in Paris, and there too, or rather at Passy, near it, report declares THOMAS CARLYLE to have been visiting Lord ASHBURTON, prior to—a pedestrian tour in Normandy! The contest now waging between the Prince-President of the French Republic and its National Assembly, will have had a certain faint interest—will it not? for the biographer of CROMWELL, and the admirer of the Imperial NAPOLEON? Perhaps, too, the tour in Normandy may have a literary object. WILLIAM the Conqueror has just had a statue set up to him at Falaise, his birthplace; what would the English reader say to a "Life of William the Conqueror. By THOMAS CARLYLE"? "Thank you," I rather think. WILLIAM has been a rising topic of late years, witness THIERRY's History, BULWER's novel, and, but the other day, Sir FRANCIS PALGRAVE's huge introduction to a life of the Conqueror. With CARLYLE, as many a passage in his writings testifies, he has always been a prime favourite. And so let us hope—!

Often, within the last few years, it has been asked, "Why does not Mr. D'ISRAELI give us another political novel?" Surely it is symptomatic of that decay (a prelude to decrease) on the part of the novel, to which Mr. GRAVE is unwearied in calling attention, that a new political work is announced as in preparation by the brilliant BENJAMIN—but not a novel—a biography this time:—"The Life of Lord George Bentinck," his late friend and leader. Everybody knows that Lord GEORGE was CANNING's secretary, and then quitted political life for the trying amusements of TATTERSALL's and the Turf, to re-emerge again as leader of the Protectionist party, after the repeal of the Corn Laws. BENJAMIN's book will be something more than a biography, I expect; many a sharp sally will he make under cover of it on friend and foe! What has become of the *History of the Reform Bill*, which Mr. JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK was said to be composing in the rustic seclusion of Hampshire, and which was to be the English rival of LOUIS BLANC's *History of Ten Years*? People mutter hints of obstacles thrown in its way from what in the newspaper jargon are called "high quarters." Is there any truth in the report that Lord BROUGHAM is beguiling his sick leisure at Cannes, with the composition of a work to be entitled *France and England before Europe in 1851*, a social and political parallel of the two foremost nations of the world? I cannot say. Certain it is, that an English *Memoir of the Last Emperor of China*, is announced from the pen of Dr. GUTZLAF, the lately-deceased and well-known missionary to that strange empire, from which intelligent tidings are always welcome. And that a second edition is printing of CARLYLE's *Life of Sterling*. Curious! his first book, the fine *Life of Schiller*, took some five-and-twenty years to attain the second-editionship which is bestowed upon his latest book after as many days. And that a second edition, likewise, is under way, of the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY's glowing novel, *Yeast*, which is, to my mind, though not the most elaborated, the best of all his books, dealing as it does with the rural scenes and manners which are familiar to him at first hand.

There has been a good deal of writing of late in *The Athenæum* and elsewhere about the creation of an "Order of Merit," which is to be conferred on successful constructors of tubular bridges and impossible railways, eminent authors and artists, &c., &c., not forgetting gentlemen who have kicked their heels assiduously at Prince ALBERT's coat-tails in some Committee-room of the Crystal Palace. An order of fiddlestick, say I! What does a man really eminent in any branch care for a riband or a title in days like these? "Oh!" say the proposers: "Look at the Mayor of Bullocksmithy who carries up an address to the Queen; he is knighted; why should better men go without an honorary distinction?" For the reason aforesaid, I reply, because the better men don't care about "honorary" distinctions, and the Mayor of Bullocksmithy ravens for them: he, poor man, when his tenure of office has expired, retires into private life and would be otherwise lost among his neighbours. No! No! our object

should be not to confer "honorary" distinction on those who have already obtained real distinction; but to employ in the service of the State, those by whom that service will be prized and from whom it will be useful. Take, for example, the British Museum. A Trusteeship of that Institution has been called the "blue riband of literature," it involves and exacts the performance of duties which are onerous and responsible, but which it gratifies an honourable pride to discharge. Well! it cannot be denied that of late years this "blue riband" has been properly conferred on such men as HALLAM, HERSCHELL and MACAULAY. But can the same thing be said of the minor offices in the institution? Is it not notorious that the Assistantships in the Library are conferred at haphazard at the caprice of the Librarian? With the exception of Mr. COVENTRY PATMORE, a stray poet and essayist, who has slipped in somehow, who knows anything of the other assistants—filling as they do places which should be reserved for the most laborious and successful Secretaries and Librarians of the various Mechanics and Literary Institutions throughout the kingdom? Take, again, the Record Office. I see a new Record Office is being built at the head of Chancery Lane which will, they say, be in an architectural point of view, a fitting depository for the archives of England. In what a state of confusion and misarrangement these are, and how great has been the waste of money expended on them, every historical student knows. Now would be an opportunity for recognising the services which such men as Mr. JOHN FORSTER, of *The Examiner*, and Mr. BRUCE of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, have rendered to the cultivation of their country's history and literature. In France, men like MICHELET and MIGNET have charge of the national archives, and here it is thought much if among them there is a solitary Sir FRANCIS PALGRAVE. Look again at Oxford, a national university certainly, and on which a Royal Commission is now sitting. In the last number of the *North British Review* there was an able and elegant article on "Translations" (from the pen, no doubt, of Mr. DAVID MASSON, the Secretary to the Society of the Friends of Italy) which proposed that a complete body of Translation of Classics into English should be undertaken at the expense of Government. What! and the highly-paid fellows of Oxford Colleges be allowed to slumber on, or receive extra pay, if they kindly consented to lend their valuable aid to such an enterprise? No! no! again. A co-operation in some such task or in any useful task should be the indispensable condition annexed to the receipt of University emolument. Really we have a great deal to reform before we need think of devising a new "order of merit."

The want of wholesome and satisfactory public amusements, both for high and low, is a very crying evil, and proves (if another proof were needed,) that money, which can do much, cannot do everything. Contrast a wretchedly-furnished and appointed theatre of Queen ELIZABETH's time with one of the splendid playhouses of Queen VICTORIA's. Yet the former had a SHAKESPEARE to draw audiences to it, and the latter has only a DOUGLAS JERROLD, or, in default of him, horses, ballet-girls, and JULIEN's band: you cannot, with money, make SHAKESPEARE, as you can cotton-mills and railways. It is customary to fall foul of the amusements of the working-classes, their beer-houses, concert-rooms, penny theatres, and so forth; and the other day a meeting was held in the Town-hall of Manchester, with the philanthropic Earl of SHAFTESBURY to speak at it, which had for object the suppression or repression of these very places. His Lordship thought that the working-people should spend their evenings in moral and religious exercises:—is it in that way, I ask, that the aristocracy which his Lordship adorns spend theirs? Let THOMAS CARLYLE answer, who contributes to *The Keepsake* for 1852 (I am not joking—get it and see), a paper on the "Opera," in the same style of stern review which a Hebrew prophet might have employed when intruding on the dalliance of a SOLOMON. Seen as CARLYLE views it, the opera, that chosen resort of the highest of the land, is little better than a gorgeous manufactory of flirtations; and though there may be exaggeration in his remarks, there is some truth—truth which is forgotten when we speak with Pharisaical pity of the amusements of the working people. In France, the stage has long been a scene not for government repression, but for government control. And one of the last acts of M. LEON FAUCHER, with

all his faults a wise and thoughtful minister, was to establish large prizes for the production of dramas which should best combine entertainment with the inculcation of respect for morality and the laws.

Few nations are so heedless as the money-getting English of literary or indeed of any kind of anniversaries—always save and excepting that of the 5th of November. A kind of jubilee is still, by way of kept up at Stratford on SHAKESPEARE's birth-day; Scotland occasionally manifests a spasmodic enthusiasm on BURNS's; and here there has even been an attempt at a millenary jubilee in honour of King ALFRED. But these British celebrations are generally failures. The Germans, with their honest enthusiasm and restrictions on political debate, are much more successful in such affairs. The celebration of the centenary of GOETHE's birth-day in 1849, proved, indeed, even in Germany, a failure; but there were political reasons and social feuds to account for such a result. On the 11th of November I see, from the German papers, there was a successful "SCHILLER-festival" at Leipsig, at which KARL GUTZKOW and others made long speeches; and the whole affair would have gone off incomparably well (for SCHILLER is still the favourite German poet,) had there not been a cry of fire raised in midst of a speech by a Doctor HAMMER, and consequently a temporary dissolution of the assembly into chaos. It proved, however, a false alarm; bye-and-bye order was restored, and the "toasts" went forward briskly. There was a pilgrimage, too, performed to the house where the poet had composed his "Song to Joy;" his translation of *Macbeth* was likewise performed, and glad his honest heart would have been could he have been there to see. When the Printers' Athenæum gets under way (as at last it seems likely to do) celebrations of this sort might be a foremost part of its duties.

From political speculation Mr. GRAVE is very properly debarred, but the personal and material history of the Press is a permitted feature of his lucubrations. During the last fortnight, the most marked incident in that department has been the calm and dignified protest made by *The Times* against the accusation that it is corrupt—a protest which has roused a general response, because made not on personal grounds, but from a regard to the interests of the whole newspaper corporation. Most significantly has *The Times* pointed out the disorganization and disruption which are overtaking the most honourable of the "professions;" and with great foresight has it indicated as fast coming the day when the despised profession of journalism may become, in scriptural language, the "head of the corner." Such a prediction and such an encouragement were needed. Finally, I have to announce that so many blunders have been committed in the Newspaper Stamp return appended to the recent blue-book on that subject, that the Stamp Office authorities intend speedily to publish a second and corrected edition of this particular return.

FRANK GRAVE.

SCIENCE.

Petrifications and their Teachings; or a Hand-book to the Gallery of Organic Remains of the British Museum. By G. A. MANTELL, Esq., LL.D., Author of "The Models of Creation," &c. London: Bohn.

THIS is the latest addition to Mr. BOHN's "Illustrated Library," and one of the most interesting and useful of the series. It is truly what it is termed, a Hand-book to the noble gallery of Organic Remains which has been collected in the British Museum, and there offers itself to the study of the naturalist, the geologist, the philosopher, and the Christian. Dr. MANTELL has adopted the classification there observed. He takes each room and each case in succession, describes its contents, and narrates all that is known about the origin, history, and supposed physiology and uses of the object under examination, in language intelligible to the unlearned—as if he were talking to a party of pupils. For the convenience of those who have not an opportunity to see the objects themselves, a vast number of engravings of them are introduced. Alike to the visitor and the distant reader, this volume will be invaluable. It is the best book on the subject we have ever seen.

The Chemical Directory. London: Wright and Co.

THIS names and addresses of all the Chemists and

Druggists in England and Wales, the London Pharmacopœia and Price List of Drugs and Chemicals, with blanks to be filled up, make this an extremely useful addition to the existing directories.

HISTORY.

A History of Classical Literature. By R. W. BROWNE, M.A., Professor of Classical Literature in King's College. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

THIS is the second book, within a few weeks, which, emanating from the same publisher, we have been induced to notice, thereby drawing the attention of our many readers to them, in a manner far more effective than any mere advertisement, although copies were not forwarded, according to the usual polite custom, to our reviewers. We state this, to account for the defects that may be apparent in these few comments upon a book merely borrowed for the occasion, and therefore necessarily read in haste.

The History of Literature is neither more nor less than the tracing out, through individuals to nations, of the progress of ideas, and no sooner does any people possess a literature distinctively marked by its national characteristics, than it ought also to possess an historian of its mental records. The most wonderful book that could be composed would be a diary of the thoughts of any one man, from the earliest scintillations of mind in childhood, progressively through the seven ages, each its own recorder, until the letters, blurred and blotted, disappear in second childhood and mere oblivion! Whether we take our own or the literature of the other modern languages of Europe, it is impossible not to lament, though we cannot wonder at, the universal dearth of histories of mind. Hence the appearance of a work having for its object to supply any fraction of the defect must be hailed as a great boon. Even of Grecian Literature no history exists equal to DUNLOP's account of Roman Letters or the works of BAHR and BERNHARDY. Partial attempts have been made, and ably, by MULLER, but even the "facile princeps" in this matter, Colonel MURE, terminates his history at the time of Solon, and hardly seems to anticipate bringing it to a completion. Yet, the last-named epoch, B. C. 580, but commences, according to PLUTARCH, the era of PISISTRATUS, whom he mentions as being the first of the Athenians who devoted his mind to the arts of speech or oratory; and from that date to the age of DEMETRIUS THALEREUS (successor to DEMOSTHENES), who, aiming at grace rather than substance, *delectabat Athenienses*, says CICERO, *magis quam inflammabat*, all present accounts of Grecian literature are meagre and unsatisfactory. If the orator's office is to persuade, as that of the historian is to record the truth; if Greek tragedy was conversant with fatality, as SOPHOCLES in the *Edipus*, and ours with the passions as in *Othello*; if their comedy aimed at ludicrous burlesque of character, and degenerated into lampoon, and ours rests upon intrigue and discovery, whence to eliminate ridiculous position, we need in the historian a mind of philosophical acumen to investigate the cause and trace the progress of such changes, and not merely one of literary exactness and precision, to inform us that, after ARISTOPHANES' satire upon CLEON and ISMACHUS, the chorus and parabasis were banished from the stage, and that the new comedy arose, somewhat like the present, under the powerful genius of MENANDER.

It is in the absence of such a philosophical review of the progress of literature that the reader of Mr. BROWNE's book will experience disappointment. He writes more as a teacher than as an investigator, his object being, as he himself tells us, "to collect within a moderate compass such facts and observations as might be interesting to the general reader, but which are now scattered over a wide surface, and cannot be brought together without pains and trouble." His two volumes come down to the period of the death of ARISTOTLE, the first book containing HOMER, HESIOD, the chief lyric poets, and the earliest philosophers, which he calls his first era; the second, or, as he terms it, the flourishing era, comprehending the dramatists, historians, orators and later philosophers, and founders of the several schools. It is evident that this division is inaccurate, since it confounds the periods of national and literary decline. When literature was at its culmination, the nation was already showing signs of incipient decay. A reference to the age of ARISTOPHANES will sufficiently prove this.

As a compilation, this work is nevertheless highly to be prized, and will prove a most valuable auxiliary to the scholar, in directing his research to a fuller analysis of the subject. It is needless to say, perhaps, of one whose graces of style are notorious, that the Professor treats his theme in the most agreeable manner, and though in many respects the notices are brief, yet, by a not uncommon anomaly, his fault is occasional diffuseness, even to platitude. PLATO and ARISTOTLE are the staple subjects, the Orators being very summarily despatched.—DEMOSTHENES, for instance, in ten pages—and even HERODOTUS, among the Historians, hardly receiving a measure adequate to the importance of the "Father of History." At times we also meet with a want of precision both in the statement of facts and of authorities; of the one we might adduce the instance where, in relating the life of XENOPHON, he states that "He began life as a soldier, and in B.C. 424, fought at the battle of Delium," and refers for corroboration to THUCYDIDES, iv. 96, where only mention is made of the battle, not of XENOPHON; of the other, where he advances statements of opinion, yet forbears to quote authorities for them, as in his remarks in favour of SAPPHO, whose part he takes, in concurrence with THIRLWALL and WELCKER, but advances no refutation to the learned arguments by which Colonel MURE and others impugn her morality.

Whilst we are upon this subject we cannot do better than subjoin the following opinion of the author relative to the character of the Athenian people, in which he is constrained to admit the inherent grandeur it possessed, so as to counteract much of democratic evil, though he does not go the length of NIEBUHR in his approbation, who prayed that "he might only possess as much self-control, as much courage in the hour of danger, as much calm perseverance in the consciousness of a glorious resolution as was shown by the Athenian people considered as one man."

For ourselves, ARISTOPHANES has so prejudiced us, that whilst we go great lengths with both NIEBUHR and Professor BROWNE, we cannot forget the old Greek poet's own satire—but too true—upon his countrymen in the Knights and the Acharnians. A compliment dexterously thrown in, said he, even though couched in a word which smacked of the fish-market, turned their heads directly! Yet the professor speaks of their weighing arguments "in a calm philosophical spirit!" When?—But he somewhat qualifies his praise where CLEON is brought forward—the spoiled child of fortune in Spachteria!

CHARACTER OF THE ATHENIANS.

The Athenian governed himself, and not only himself, but the allies over whom he claimed an imperial supremacy. He could form a judgment upon all the bearings, and could enter into all the merits of each political question, foreign and domestic, whether of war, or peace, or commerce, or finance, and knew that on his decision rested the welfare of his country and his own personal prosperity. And, besides all this, not a few of this remarkable people took the same interest in abstract philosophical questions which they did in the stirring transactions of real life; to many of them philosophical studies were the amusements of their leisure hours. These, then, were prepared to weigh the arguments of the orator in a calm philosophical spirit; they were not likely to be led away by mere appeals to passion and prejudice; or by logical fallacies, however artfully concealed, and whilst they were qualified to admire the true beauties of oratory, they would not be pleased by bad taste or meretricious ornament.

The Athenian *demos*, in fact, combined the good and bad points in the character of a populace, with the distinguishing features of an educated deliberative assembly. It appreciated, as the populace of all nations usually does, strong and manly common sense, an earnestness such as inspires the hearer with confidence in the sincerity of the orator, and the reality of his views. It admired boldness in grappling with difficulties, fearless devotion to the cause of liberty, and talent for forcible and homely illustrations. At the same time it was easily persuaded, was quick at taking offence, and was readily led away by the grossest flattery. The history of the upright and truthful Thucydides abounds in passages which assert that too often the popular speakers and demagogues thought much more of what would give immediate pleasure to their hearers, than of what would advance the best interests of the commonwealth. Isocrates asserts that those demagogues who were the worst morally, and the most contemptible intellectually, were the most popular. And Aristophanes declares that the office of a popular leader is suited neither for an educated nor a moral man, but only for an illiterate scoundrel. These strong

expressions may, perhaps, be the exaggerations in which a popular rhetorician and a comic writer would be likely to indulge, but still the examples with which history furnishes us, prove that they are, in the main, true.

It cannot be doubted that the Athenian *demos* was liable to be swayed by all the worst passions which have influenced the populace of any nation, either ancient or modern. Pericles, in his funeral oration, feared to praise in a direct manner those who had sacrificed their lives in the cause of their country, lest he should provoke the mean and petty jealousy of the sovereign people. He felt it necessary to flatter the national pride, and when he had thus excited their sentiments of approbation, skilfully to divert them from their course toward those whom he wished to eulogize; and even in those speeches in which he exhibits such a comprehensive acquaintance with all the details of public business, he condescends to recommend his statesman-like views by extolling the glories of Athenian supremacy. The hollow and selfish arguments of Cleon, in the case of the Mityleneans, prove how easily the Athenian people was misled by fallacies when they were on the side of self-interest. The still more savage decree against the ill-fated Melians, is a stronger proof that it was almost destitute of moral principles and human sympathies. The jealousy with which the theatrical funds were guarded, by attaching the penalty of death to the mere proposal of their repeal, is a proof that Athenian patriotism would always give way when the question was the loss of any favourite gratification. However stern and pressing the necessities of the case might be, the Athenian citizen would not resign, for his country's sake, the accustomed feasts, or the favourite spectacles.

The above passage brings forcibly before the mind the remarks of MITCHELL, in his introduction to *The Knights*, and the learned third appendix of Dr. ARNOLD. The sketches of the Greek dramatists, and of the early Greek comedy, are well written; in reference to the latter, we extract the following on

THE GREEK COMEDY.

The old Attic comedy is totally unlike its modern namesake. It is quite *en sui generis*—there is nothing with which it can be compared. In its loose and unconnected structure, the incompleteness and want of uniformity in its plot, it somewhat resembles a modern pantomime. Like pantomime, it consists of numerous independent scenes and ludicrous situations, satirical attacks on the vices, and sparkling allusions to the prevalent follies of the day, and much of the humour consists in practical jokes, as well as in the smartness of the dialogue and repartee. It also indulged in the most unrestrained personalities. Real personages were exhibited on the stage, the shafts of the poet's ridicule were fearlessly directed against them. These gross attacks were not confined to public characters only, who might be considered fair marks for censure as well as praise, but the secrets of domestic life were laid open, its sanctity violated, the faults of private characters held up to odium or ridicule, and even virtuous and patriotic conduct sometimes misrepresented and ridiculed.

Nothing was safe from the virulence of the comic poet. The most serious business of life was caricatured, the most time-honoured political institutions unsparingly criticised—the whole public administration, educational, legal, financial, and executive, remorselessly attacked. Besides this, the poet assumed to himself the functions of a literary censor; he aspired to lead the public taste and direct the critical judgment of the Athenian people on all literary and philosophical questions. All this abuse and slander, and caricature and criticism, was conveyed in the most exquisite and polished style; it was recommended by all the refinements of taste and the graces of poetry. It was because of this exquisite elegance and purity which distinguished the style of the Attic comic writing, as well as its energetic power, that Quintilian recommends an orator to study, as the best model next to Homer, the writings of the old Attic comedy. Doubtless it abounded in grossness and obscenity, such as would not be tolerated in dramatic exhibitions of the present day. But an age in which man was not softened by the influence of good female society, in which the virtuous of the female sex were not educated so as to fit them for being companions of the men, whilst the vicious applied themselves to the task of making the leisure hours of the male sex pass agreeably by, all the accomplishments and elegances of a finished education was necessarily a gross one. The comic poet, therefore, was not the corruptor of his countrymen. The worst that can be said against him is, that, with all his taste and talent and education, he was not in advance of his age in this point—that he did not stem the tide of corruption—that he pandered to a degraded popular taste instead of using his best endeavours to mould it to a higher standard.

The old comedy was to the Athenians the represen-

tative of many influences which exist in the present day. It was the newspaper, the review, the satire, the pamphlet, the caricature, the pantomime of Athens.

Addressed to the thousands who flocked to the theatre to witness the representation of a new comedy, most of whom were keenly alive to every witty allusion and stroke of satire, and who took a deep interest in everything of a public nature, because each individual was personally engaged in the administration of state affairs, the old comedy must have been a powerful engine for good or for evil. There can be little doubt, that, scurrilous and immoral as it often was, the good, nevertheless, predominated. Gross and depraved as the Athenians were already, notwithstanding their refinement, it is not likely that comedy corrupted their morals in this respect. The vices which prevailed would have existed without it, and were neither increased nor fostered by it.

Our space does not permit us to extract from Mr. BROWNE's accounts of the several schools of Philosophy, although the compilation of a work upon the subject might, in the acquaintance it engenders with XENOPHANES the Eleatic, well tempt us to linger with the venerable rhapsodist, of whom TIMON draws so affecting a portrait: we pass on, therefore, to present what is perhaps the best specimen in the book of the author's manner, in his delineation of the descriptive accuracy of the Greek poets. It is worthy of attentive perusal:

DESCRIPTIVE POWERS OF THE POETS OF GREECE.

As descriptions of scenery were introduced by the poets for the purposes of embellishment, their patriotic enthusiasm led them to overlook the defects, and see in their brightest colours all the beautiful features which distinguished their native land. Their euphemism, which, in the intercourse of social life, caused them to shrink from speaking of unpleasant subjects in such terms as could give offence to the most refined taste, pervaded the whole of their literature, and thus affected not only the moral but also the descriptive character of their poetry. Generally speaking, the sublime and terrible scenes of nature had far less charms for them than the softer beauties. Rocks, mountains, precipices, awoke a series of painful images, only appropriate to emergencies in which such scenery was absolutely indispensable. The ravines of the inhospitable Caucasus were suitable to the tortures of Prometheus—the bare grey cliffs of Mycenæ to the Pelopid tragedies—the savage wildness of Cithæron to the unnatural exposure of Edipus. The crystal rivulet, the soft and verdant turf inviting repose—the shades of the broad plane tree—were scenes in which their imagination took far more delight. Picturesque grandeur did not affect the Greek mind with pleasure, as it does the mind of those who inhabit the more northern parts of Europe, and who are accustomed to the sterner or severer beauties of nature, as they are to the rigours of more inhospitable climates. Often does Homer, who would devote a long description to some scene of genial beauty—who paints the sunny coasts of Iona, the lovely kingdom of the Phæacians, the marvellous gardens of Alcinoüs, with all the varied tints of luxuriant fancy—pass over, with the mere distinction of an epithet, scenes of rude and gloomy beauty. Perhaps it is for this reason that the Greek poets do not describe extensive general views, what the moderns term landscapes, but that their descriptive poetry deals in details. Greece was, in its general features, wild and mountainous. Its rock-bound coasts, although washed by the waters of the ever-varying sea, indented by many a beautiful creek and bay, and many a cheerful and populous harbour, teeming with activity and life, presented generally an escarped and rugged aspect. But embosomed in the recesses of these wilds were spots of excessive beauty, green oases, as it were, in the desert, which promised that personal and sensuous enjoyment which in so many instances appears connected with Greek ideas of beauty. Greek landscape, therefore, was necessarily of a severe character,—a more northern taste would have appreciated it, but it would not appeal to the sensibilities of an Ionian. The poet, therefore, who was the guide of national taste, as being the more perfect representative of the national mind, would not think it inconsistent with faithfulness to pass this part over, and to devote his talents to those special features which were calculated to call forth the sympathies of his hearers. To paint the loveliness, and pass over the rudeness of nature, might have been disingenuous in a geographer, who professed as his sole object to describe impartially the faults as well as the beauties of a country, but a poet was perfectly justified in selecting beauty, and passing over what he considered deformity, just as the kindred art of the sculptor endeavours to represent not the average of human nature, but the perfection of ideal beauty. This tendency of the Greek poets to seize on whatever they considered as the beautiful is also exemplified in the large proportionate space which the sea occupies in

their works, the delight with which they dwell upon all ideas connected with it. The chief beauty of Greece is its sea. Almost encircled and girdled by it as an island, Attica, as its ancient name implies, is all shore. From every high ground, from the principal parts of Athens itself, the sea is visible; nor could any one look to seaward and not observe that bright and transparent atmosphere by which the climate is characterized. And not only by its natural beauties, but by the benefits which it conferred upon Greece, the sea appealed to the national sympathies. The inhabitants of the Ionian colonies of Asia Minor could not but remember that when his ancestors sailed across it from the west they brought with them those liberties and institutions which rendered him immeasurably superior to his Oriental neighbours, and constituted the difference between Greek and Barbarian. He felt every day that the same waves wafted to him the wealth and civilization which were the means of maintaining that superiority. Although the scene of the "Iliad" is laid on shore, the passages in it which refer to the sea are numerous, and the adventures narrated in the "Odyssey" are almost exclusively maritime. If we carry our thoughts onwards to later times: to the glorious naval engagements between Greece and Persia; to the time when Themistocles, fortified by the voice of the oracle, bade Greece look for protection to her wooden walls; and, lastly, to the supremacy essentially naval which Athens maintained in the Peloponnesian war, we find that the sea was the source of national greatness, and must have reminded the Greek patriot, whenever he looked upon it, of the high destinies of his race. The love with which the Greek regarded the sea, the gratitude which he felt towards it as the source of his national greatness and prosperity, is represented by the numerous maritime descriptions and metaphors and illustrations which are used as ornaments in Greek poetry universally, and are especially to be remarked in the writings of the tragic poets. Although, therefore, the views of the Greek poets in the descriptions which they gave of their country were perhaps one-sided, they were not for that reason untrue. Their inaccuracy is due to the omissions of those who thought themselves at liberty to select such features as were best fitted to embellish and adorn the picture which they were representing. But whenever fidelity and accuracy are to be expected, wherever truth is necessary to the consistency of the narrative, and geographical position and physical description would illustrate the story, the ancient Greek poets do not fail. So accurate, for example, is Homer in this respect, that the internal evidence furnished by his geographical descriptions goes far, as has already been shown, to determine the country of which he was a native. Ample testimony has been borne to the fidelity of Homer's descriptions by geographers both of ancient and modern times. Strabo constantly appeals to his authority. Wood, in his "Essay on the Genius of Homer," shows the correspondence between Homer's descriptions, and the results of his travels, and Colonel Leake finds in the Homeric poems a topographical guide which seldom fails in accuracy.

In conclusion, while we do not concur with the Professor in all his views, especially in the preference he gives of PLATO over ARISTOTLE, and in the cause he alleges of the latter's intellectual degeneracy—if he did degenerate—we are bound to recognise these volumes as steps in the right direction towards supplying an hiatus in literature. Probably their faults arise rather from the nature of their compilation, as lectures, than from want of care on the part of their author.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memorials of James Mackness, M.D. Edited by the Author of "Brampton Rectory." 12mo. pp. 271. London: Churchill. 1851.

Proceedings at the Nineteenth Anniversary of the Provincial, Medical and Surgical Association, held at Brighton, August, 1851.

At the eighteenth anniversary of the Provincial, Medical and Surgical Association, held at Hull in 1850, Dr. MACKNESS was nominated to give an Account of the Medical Topography of Sussex to the next annual meeting:—to that great gathering of the medical profession, which recently took place at Brighton. He was prepared; but alas! within a short period of the time appointed for the delivery of his discourse, he was suddenly summoned before a higher tribunal than an assembly of his professional peers, and was called to give in his final account to the Righteous Judge of all the earth. By his assembled brethren, the bereavement was felt to be sorrowful and impressive: and the sad occasion was well and eloquently improved, both by the retiring,

and the newly-elected presidents. The former, Dr. HORNER of Hull, in his address on resigning the chair to Dr. JENKS, thus alluded to the event:

He was my sincere and my valued friend. He recently wrote to me, expressing his congratulations at the thought of reading an address before you in this room, on this day. Here is the audience; but where is the lecturer? *Sub cespite jacet.* I say this does give us a reason for now doing our duty, in that state of life to which we have been called. If we are willing to exert ourselves for the benefit of our fellow-men, and for the great objects of this Association, now is the time that we should do it. Such a painful event also naturally awakens in the mind other feelings, of a far more important nature. The words of Young occur to my mind as most applicable:

What grave prescribes the best? A friend's; and yet
From a friend's grave how soon we disengage!
E'en to the dearest, as his marble, cold,
Why are friends ravish'd from us? 'Tis to bind,
By soft affection's ties, on human hearts,
The thought of death; which reason, too supine,
Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens there.
Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both
Combined, can break the wither'd shafts of the world.
Behold th' inexorable hour at hand!
Behold th' inexorable hour forgot!
And to forget it the chief aim of life,
Though well to ponder it is life's chief end.

We do not expect the biography of a physician—even of one who has surmounted the greatest obstacles—to abound with exciting incidents, or with the graphic recital of stirring adventure. His annals are, for the most part, but the records of an unwearied industry, a patient self-denial, an indomitable, but almost unseen, contest with difficulties; and at last the slow reaping of rewards, generally far too scanty to compensate for the previous toils and dangers. It has been often remarked, that when notoriety and emolument have been quickly gained in the higher walks of the profession of medicine, they have been the result of accident or charlatanism; and have been generally as transient in their duration, as they were devoid of honour in their source. That there have been some remarkable exceptions, we admit: but they are too few to set aside the general application of the rule, which we have correctly stated. In all professions, the battle for the prizes of life is arduous, and sadly chequered; but in that of medicine, it is especially so. In the outset of his career, the physician, ambitious of a great and worthy name, must, when not engaged in the studies of the closet, imbibe his knowledge in the atmosphere of pestilence, and amid the dissected bodies of his fellow men. In the haunts of fever, in the tabernacles of poverty and of vice, he first essays his skill in therapeutics. The struggle is then against disease, and a premature grave; but it is cheerfully, because hopefully encountered: afterwards, come the most terrible of all the struggles—those which have to be encountered when the learned, the accomplished, and the fully prepared physician is waiting for the patronage of the public. There are sad scenes, resulting from the circumstances referred to, occurring every day in this metropolis and elsewhere; scenes into which curiosity cannot penetrate, and which even the most inquisitive biographers have, with tenderness, scrupled to search out, or at least have not ventured rudely to unveil. The modest patrimony is well nigh expended; the incomings are slender, debts accumulate, and yet—bitter, maddening pang to an honest heart—retrenchment is proclaimed on all hands to be the immediate destruction of every hope, and the sacrifice of that position which has already been so hardly won. This, in truth, is the physician's grand struggle—one too, which, without a large fortune, cannot be evaded—it is the battle to appear prosperous when the wolf is at the door, and to seem light-hearted amid all the miseries of the *res angusta domi*. Alas! that it should be so; but the physician must fight the battle of life with society as he finds it. With him, the genteel mansion and the respectable equipage, cannot always be delayed till a convenient season, or till they are sanctioned by an adequate income. He must maintain them too often as a sorely-grudged tax—a source not of comfort, but of sorrow and disgust. Why is it so? Because the fashionable sick are ashamed to consult a doctor whose person or whose establishment leads to the suspicion of poverty; and, as fashion dominates considerably, over even the educated and intellectual members of society, the assumption of an expenditure unwarranted by income, is commonly, during the first decade of the physician's career, an inevitable evil, which saps the elasticity of his youth; and which, when success in practice does not

come to the rescue, leads the man who is not sustained by high principle, to deviate from the paths of rectitude, and to scramble for an ignoble sustenance, by pandering to ignorance and credulity. Thus it is, that fashionable fools—the chief pabulum of unscrupulous empirics—press into their degraded service, a class of highly-educated men, from whom better things might have been expected. A recent reviewer has spoken of the support of quackery by "idle lords and ladies," as resulting from "their too abundant means of the gratification of every desire, removing the incentive to diligent study, and constituting them, as a class, the great half-educated, the ready prey of every changing system of imposture—medical, moral, or religious.* But it is not so much ignorance, as impecuniosity which recruits the army of quacks from the ranks of the Medical Profession. The artificial barrier, which does or did exist between the general practitioner and the physician, has forced many a young aspiring physician into fatal debt, which might have been avoided, had not fashion exacted from him a certain show and expenditure, rather than tolerate an ascent from this lower grade when means permitted. For the reasons to which we have now referred, the memorials of the struggles of a high-toned physician, even when scanty, as in the present instance, are instructive and encouraging to those who are engaged in, or who have passed through, the same ordeal. They likewise afford pleasant themes of contemplation to all who delight to meditate upon the more lovely aspects of human life. To many readers, therefore, we trust may be acceptable the following brief sketch of a Christian physician, who was no exception to the rule of the poet:

*Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat,
Res angusta domi.*

JAMES MACKNESS was born at Wellingborough, in Northamptonshire, on the 31st of March, 1804. At the age of five, he underwent the operation of lithotomy; and, from even an earlier period to his last hour, physical suffering was little absent from his lot. When he was in his eighth year, his parents removed to Edinburgh, leaving him at school at Wellingborough, where he remained till he was twelve or thirteen years of age. He then joined his parents, and was sent to school in Edinburgh for one or two years.

It was during this period, probably, that he began those efforts at self-improvement, to which he owed much of his after usefulness. His thirst for knowledge was ardent. Every shilling he could command was spent at a book-stall; and the books so procured were resold, and others purchased, at how great a loss may be imagined. With these volumes he would wander away into the country, when a holiday set him at liberty, to feast his mind with something congenial to its own tastes. The books he read were generally the best authors—Addison, Goldsmith, and other English classics; indeed this may be considered as somewhat of a compensation in the lot of the poor student; he reads but few books, but these are generally worth reading; since it is the standard authors, those who have stood the test of numerous editions, which are the chief supply of book-stalls: (pp. 6, 7.)

Dr. MACKNESS's early instruction was mismanaged, or rather neglected; for, at eighteen, when he commenced his medical studies, he had nothing more than a common English education. He had, however, imbibed from a pious mother sound moral and religious principles, which, in after life, proved to him a stay and a solace when nought else could have availed; and which doubtless supported him likewise in his career as a student, amid the harassments of inadequate means, and defective preliminary tuition. He earnestly applied himself to remedy this last-mentioned evil. He studied French and Latin with zeal, at the same period that he attended regularly his medical lectures, and laboured in the dissecting-room. Unfortunately, he was obliged to devote a large share of his time to his father's business, (as a lace-merchant), to save it from entire disorder and ruin. To this impediment to study must be ascribed his failure to pass his examination at the College of Surgeons. After this disappointment, he retired for the purposes of seclusion and study to Craig Rothie, near St. Andrews, where he remained till he felt prepared for a second trial. This proved successful, on the 22nd December, 1824. At Craig Rothie, there was a favourite spot called Glassy-house Den, whither he resorted for study. He repaired its dilapidated moss-covered seat (which

* *Medical Gazette*, Nov. 14, 1851. pp. 851.

had once belonged to the late Lord CRAWFORD), and in sincere, though not brilliant verses, he recorded his affection for this quiet and favourite haunt.

After passing the College, he was for a short period assistant to Mr. WEBBER, a general practitioner at Yarmouth, in Norfolk: subsequently, he went in the same capacity to live with Mr. KING, of Saxmundham, in Suffolk, a gentleman in extensive practice, and of the most honourable and benevolent character. The biographer remarks that "he probably learned in this school some of those lessons of attention to the poor which he so eminently practised in after life." In March, 1827, his father died; and in the July following he finally left Saxmundham, having determined to commence practice. His father had left his mother and his younger brother with only a small provision; and the necessity of providing a home for them probably gave shape to his plans. At this period, his ambition and his purse seem both to have been very moderate.

In passing through the village of Turvey, at the time he was thinking of settling, he had been struck with its beauty; and finding, on inquiry, that there was no medical man resident there, he determined to fix in this village. * * * * He has preserved a little record of this journey, which was made principally on foot, to save expense. July 9, 1827.—"Left Saxmundham at 6 P.M.; walked to Debenham, to Mr. Barker's (this was the home of his fellow-assistant, Mr. John Barker, now Dr. Barker, of Birmingham), fifteen miles; arrived there at eleven o'clock—very hot day. * * * * 12th.—Rested well; rose at four: set off for Cambridge; saw King's College Chapel; went all over it, and out on the roof: (it was a truly characteristic trait that he could not pass this beautiful building without going to see it, though the necessary gratuities nearly exhausted his small remaining travelling fund.) Set off for St. Neots; called at a house, and gave some medicine in exchange for bread and cheese; walked a mile farther, and met a gentleman in a gig; rode as far as St. Neots with him. Set off to walk to Kimbolton, eighteen miles; got there very late, and found it was fifteen miles to Wellingborough; however, set off about eight o'clock, very tired, and arrived at Higham Ferrers at a quarter to twelve: all asleep, and no finger-post; got on to the top of a haystack, and slept for three hours: resumed my journey, and reached Wellingborough a quarter before five o'clock. * * * * The journal goes on:—Arrived at Turvey 23rd July, 1827: came from Wellingborough by coach to Warrington: a very dull misty morning: it cleared up towards mid-day, emblematical, I hope, of my success. 24th.—Went to see my uncle at Sharnbrook: promised him some medicine: rode off to Wellingborough: took my order for drugs to White. 26th.—At home all day: saw my first patient in Turvey: studied geometry an hour-and-a-half. 27th.—Walked as far as Newton: returned home: walked in Mr. Higgins's park, and continued my geometry. 28th.—Walked as far as Mr. Dawson's, Turvey Hills: had my tea there: returned home, and found a letter from Mr. King, and 5*l.*; and my drugs. 29th.—Went to church, and rode to Sharnbrook: felt very unwell all day. 30th.—Received my box from Saxmundham: unpacked, and put my things to rights. 31st.—Studying geometry and agriculture. Thus, it seems, passed the first week at Turvey: and here the journal breaks off. (pp. 17-20.)

During the four years that Dr. MACKNESS resided at Turvey, he conciliated universal regard, and obtained such practice as was afforded by a place with a population of 1,000 persons, consisting of farmers, agricultural labourers, and a few gentry. On the 5th of January, 1830, he married MARIA, the second daughter of JOHN WHITWORTH, Esq., of Turvey. On the back of his marriage certificate, he inscribed a solemn prayer for the blessing of God to enable him to fulfil the duties of his new station. It is here worthy of notice, that, on the death of the eminent Mr. LEIGH RICHMOND, the pastor of Turvey, a clergyman of dissimilar views was appointed, which occasioned the formation of a dissenting congregation, under the ministry of a pious and talented man, from a close friendship with whom, Dr. MACKNESS seems to have derived—what he was ever eager to grasp—advancement in mental culture, to compensate for his defective early education.

It was probably during his residence at Turvey that he drew up a paper, in which the integrity of his character is well depicted; and from which the following sentences are extracted:

It has been my aim, from my earliest days of thinking, to rise superior to the circumstances in which I was born. This principle is associated with my earliest ideas, and is still in full vigour, although I would hope,

though the effort continues, the motive is different. My earliest reasons for wishing to obtain superiority over my associates was the honour of man; now, I would humbly hope, although the same wish continues, that I seek the honour which cometh from God, by a life devoted to the good of my fellow-creatures. Let me have this desire constant in my breast, and ambition is a laudable passion, since affluence gives the power of doing good, and is a necessary weapon in the cause of philanthropy. But, unless a person is possessed of hereditary fortune, he requires the utmost diligence and perseverance in the affairs of life to obtain one; and as I hope that my object is not to gain wealth for sensual gratifications, but that I may employ it in doing good, I think it no degradation to myself to declare that I shall use every means, consistent with present duty, to insure it. * * * * With regard to expenditure, as I hope we shall always endeavour to keep within the limits of our income, it will only be necessary to ask ourselves the three following questions:—1st. Is the article wanted absolutely necessary? 2nd. Will not a less expensive one answer the same purpose? 3rd. If not absolutely necessary, though desirable, can we really afford it? (pp. 30, 31.)

Dr. MACKNESS removed to Northampton in March, 1831. He got, by degrees, into a considerable practice; but the work was laborious, and involved much midwifery and night work. Along with these avocations, he laboured assiduously to enlarge his medical and general knowledge. Every spare moment was devoted to reading and study. Mind and body were overtaxed, and his health gave way. He had had an attack of ague at Turvey, in consequence of spending the night in a damp cottage; and from that time he had never been quite well. The following is the sufferer's account of the commencement of his own illness, drawn up with the view of obtaining the opinions of eminent physicians.

In the year 1834, a professional gentleman, aged about thirty, of temperate habits, and who had previously enjoyed good health, after an attack of intermittent fever, began to experience slight paroxysms of pain in various parts of the lower extremities. These being always increased by a humid atmosphere and exposure to cold, were supposed to be, and treated as, chronic rheumatism; they, however, began to increase in severity, so as to impair the general health, and render life almost a burden. So acute were the paroxysms, that during their continuance, the patient could neither eat nor sleep, and was scarcely able to speak; the pain did not continue in one particular nerve or its branches, but moved with the most astonishing rapidity from one extremity to the opposite, and from one part of the same limb to another; or it would continue in one spot, and this often not larger than could be covered with the print of a finger, yet so severe was the agony produced, that he has been known to expose the part affected to a temperature below the freezing point, to obtain even a slight alleviation. The suffering was accompanied with great irritability of the nervous system, and during the intensity of a severe paroxysm, the slightest movement of the body, a draught of air, or the accidental touch of the dress against the affected limb, were sufficient to induce the acutest agony. (pp. 36, 37.)

In 1834 he consulted Sir CHARLES BELL, who ordered his head to be shaved, a preparation of iodine to be rubbed over it, and a seaton placed in the back of the neck. This treatment was not attended with any benefit; and the intention of the prescriber is not obvious. During 1835 and 1836, he struggled on with his practice, but amid much suffering at times. At last, he was compelled to give in; and, as a preparatory step to his finally leaving Northampton, he assumed Mr. OLIVE as a partner. His professional connexion with Northampton terminated in July, 1836.

In 1837 and 1838, we find him a great invalid; but, nevertheless, an indefatigable sight-seer in London, Jersey, and elsewhere. Thirst for knowledge was, under all circumstances, one of his leading characteristics. Writing to his brother from St. Servan, in France, on 17th May, 1838, he thus speaks of his health in an interesting letter, on miscellaneous topics, which contains not one word of repining.

With regard to my health, I am sorry to say, the late severe winter has sadly pulled me back; and I am in some respects much worse than when I left England. I cannot walk half so well, but my general health is much better. In the second week of February, I had a dangerous attack, which took away all feeling from my legs and feet; and I believed I was near that bonfire whence no traveller returns—in fact, I had quite made up my mind that I should die. But God, of his infinite mercy, raised me up again; and now, except that I have

less use of my legs, I am much better than I was before. I have lately written to some of the most eminent physicians in Europe an account of my case, requesting their opinion, and a plan of treatment. I have just received their answers, which are highly satisfactory, both with regard to the plan of treatment and the seat of disease. It appears that there is no disease of the brain itself; but that the case is rather a derangement of function than an organic disease. If such be the case, which I would fain hope it is, there is a possibility of my ultimate recovery. The plan of treatment recommended is, to have blisters and moxas all along the course of the spine; and in the autumn, to repair either to Carlsbad, or to Baréges, in the Pyrenees. Though the latter place is very distant, I think I shall prefer it. Both these places have thermal sulphureous springs, which I am to use for baths, &c. Of course, this will be attended with considerable expense; but what can I do? In my present circumstances, I am a useless being. Happily, I have saved a little, and it is much better that I should be thus afflicted than you, because I have not a family, and I can also have the first medical opinions in the world, without their costing me a sou. (pp. 58, 59.)

The patient did not improve under the treatment described in the above extract; and which it appears was that recommended by ANDRAL. From the scanty details of treatment, we can hardly estimate it fairly; but it does seem surprising that the chylipoietic viscera were not made the main object of attention, and that along with the climate, diet, and medicine suitable for restoring their functions to a normal state, iron, with or without arsenic and quinine, were not exhibited, in consideration of the complaint presenting in its origin, history and symptoms, many, if not all the characters, of that kind of neuralgia which is a sequel to intermittent fever. Climate had evidently a notable effect upon his disease; for on returning from the continent, Sir JAMES CLARKE sent him to Clifton, where he improved exceedingly in health; but on wintering in Northampton, to use the words of the biographer, he "began to suffer from a return to a place with a clayey subsoil; and former distressing symptoms began to reappear." As locality seemed so important, and as the laborious life of a general practitioner likely to be more arduous than his health was ever likely to bear, he determined to graduate as M.D., and to settle in some town suitable to his impaired health.

He took the degree of Doctor of Medicine at St. Andrews, on the 15th of May, 1840; and, by the advice of Sir JAMES CLARKE, he selected Hastings as a sphere for future practice, chiefly on account of its eligibility for his health. His success was at first problematical; and the glimpses afforded of the history of his progress, of his hopes, and his fears are full of interest. They throw light upon the difficulties which beset the physician's career; and they show some of the ways by which he may legitimately introduce himself to notice.

On the 15th June, one month after his graduation, he thus writes to his friend and former pupil Mr. UNDERWOOD:

A truce to your compliments about my titles, you well know that misfortune alone has compelled me to resort to them: even now, it will be of little avail to be, what is too often the case, a patientless physician, and as far as profit is concerned, such is my state now. I have, however, one patient a pauper, poor fellow, with evident pectoriloquy and cavernous resonance under the right shoulder blade, hectic fever, and nocturnal perspirations. I dare say you will smile at my noting so particularly the auscultic symptoms, but I told you that I intended to study the subject more fully, and I am happy to say that I can already distinguish some important pathognomic symptoms, or rather sounds, and I intend to use the stethoscope on every occasion which comes in my way. (pp. 73, 74.)

The zeal with which he was ever anxious to repair an originally imperfect education is exemplified in the above notice of his stethoscopic studies. In the following passage authorship and boarders are alluded to—the former as a means of making himself known, the latter as a way of getting a subsistence till patients were obtained:

I feel the necessity of doing something to bring me into notice, but I have not decided on any topic at present. I believe that I should very much benefit my own mind by following out one subject for some time together. You ask me how I do with my invalids; and whether they live with me? * * * The plan I adopt is this: Hastings is a resort for invalids, and with any one who may require medical advice, I am

ready to enter into an agreement, to receive them into my family. This is no more than many physicians do, so that there is nothing derogatory in it. (p. 77.)

His appointment as physician to the Hastings dispensary, upon the resignation of Dr. COOKE, afforded him a field for the exercise of his medical skill and his benevolence, and it was likewise useful in bringing his name respectably before the community. He thus reports his position as to practice, and his hopes regarding it, in a letter to a friend, dated 7th January, 1842:

I dare say you feel anxious to know how I get on in my profession, and I wish I could give you a favourable account; but I find many very many difficulties. I sometimes think I took a wrong course in aiming to practice as a physician; but what could I do? I knew I could not practice as a surgeon: the delicate state of my health opposed this course. I have plenty of practice among the poor, who are patients of the dispensary; but this popularity will not keep house. I go on, anxious, despairing, hoping. * * * * If I could only bring my mind to be satisfied with the present, and leave the future to a Superintending Providence I might be content, for I am surrounded with all that is necessary, and I owe no man anything (but love), nay, even for sometime to come, I have the means of living even should I do nothing. But those who have been obliged to overcome great difficulties, in early life, are perhaps more apt to feel anxious than others. (pp. 83, 84.)

In the following year, 1843, his fame and his emoluments seem to have increased. In January, he became an extra-licentiate of the College of Physicians. In February, he resigned his appointment at the dispensary: but as he was made consulting physician to the charity, the patients came to his house for advice, and he thus had the duty, without much of the inconvenience and fatigue of being from home. In 1844, we find notices of his being tormented by his old enemy, the neuralgia. The singular mitigation of pain, which may be obtained in this complaint, and in gout, by interesting the mind is well-known: but still the following passage is interesting.

Mr. Dickens' *Christmas Carol* was just new at this time: and connected with it, I had a proof, and one indeed amongst many, how remarkably suffering, like Dr. Mackness, is susceptible of mitigation by agreeable [intense?] occupation of the mind. He was labouring under one of his usual neuralgic attacks, writhing with pain, yet scarcely able to move. Mr. Dickens' work had been sent to him as a present for the season. He took it up, and began to read it, at first listlessly, but soon the history of the inimitable Scrooge, so interested him, that he began to read aloud, and by the time he had reached the pathetic incident of the poor boy left at school in the holidays, all sense of pain seemed to have fled, and he read on and on with increasing delight, till when summoned to some other occupation, he found himself very nearly free from suffering. Chess would almost invariably have the same effect, although the pain would often return whilst the pieces were arranging for a fresh game. (pp. 95, 96.)

In August, 1844, Dr. MACKNESS attended for the first time, the anniversary meetings of the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association; which were that year held at Northampton. The annual return of these assemblies was always hailed by him with gladness, and adopted as the means of cementing and forming valued and lasting friendships. In these feelings, many hundreds of the *élite* of the profession can warmly participate. How many can delight in the retrospect of these gatherings! For the conception and foundation of the Provincial Association. (twenty years ago), the medical men of England owe a deep debt of gratitude to Sir CHARLES HASTINGS, of Worcester. That society has done more than any other institute, to bind together, in a generous fraternity and scientific emulation, the true and honourable professors of rational medicine, and to draw the broad line of separation between them and those apostate sons of physic, who seek only that mercenary reward which the credulity of the multitude readily affords to unscrupulous charlatans, who, though disowned and scorned by the real cultivators of medicine, persist in boldly pretending, that they are not, and cannot be eliminated; and that they are still within the pale of an honourable and scientific profession. We say, that much of the high-toned honour, which pervades the medical profession in England, is due to the formation of the Provincial Association: and the power which it now possesses of making its influence bear upon the legislature and the public, are fully proved by the passing of the Arsenic Act, and the effects in various quarters

of the Brighton resolutions, regarding irregular practice. If the Christian ethics of such men as Dr. MACKNESS were still more largely to prevail, the disreputable conduct referred to, would soon be less frequently stained by unworthy dealing, and the bitterness of jealousy. It would be well that men of all pursuits, could, in sincerity, adopt the following words, addressed in 1845, by Dr. MACKNESS to one of his correspondents:—

Oh! when I can thus detach my mind from the trifles of time, how contemptible do all the riches of this world appear. The soul soars upwards to its Creator, and yearns for a more perfect existence, for a more exalted being, and then the bright hopes of the Gospel of Christ, the pure heaven of holy writ appears so suited to all that the heart can desire, that their truthfulness, their reality appear almost close at hand. The days of man are numbered: his fondest expectations are often destroyed. You and I, for instance, may never meet again on earth, may never look with the beaming eye of friendship on each other's countenance: but oh! may we at last meet in that glorious dwelling-place of the Eternal God, and live for ever in the presence of our crucified Redeemer. (pp. 112.)

In this year (1845), along with an increasing practice, Dr. MACKNESS was busy with the formation of the Mechanics' Institute, and the preparation of various literary undertakings, particularly of his work on the *Moral Aspects of Medical Life*, the basis of which, is a translation of the best parts of the *Akesios* by Professor MARX. A glimpse at the under current of his mind is afforded by the following passage in a confidential letter, dated 27th October, 1845:

With regard to the carriage, Rock is to build me one, fitted up in the first style, for — guineas; and will lend me one to use in the meantime. I have been trying all the week to buy a horse. I tremble at the expense, and yet the more I think of it, the more convinced I am that I am acting prudently. (pp. 124.)

In the Autumn of 1846, appeared *The Moral Aspects of Medical Life*. It was favourably received by the profession; and has doubtless excited a beneficial influence. In point of literary execution, it is by no means faultless.

It has already been stated that after discontinuing to attend the dispensary, the patients came to his residence, and got their prescriptions made up at the house of the charity. This system led to great abuses, through persons well able to pay the moderate charges of competent neighbouring general practitioners coming for gratuitous advice to his private residence. All medical charities, we believe, are grievously abused in this way: and in an admirable pamphlet lately published by Dr. STEWART, of the Middlesex Hospital,* it appears that it is not uncommon for dispensary applicants to dress badly for the occasion; and masters and mistresses belonging to the very highest classes of society are known to be mean enough to subscribe an annual guinea to a dispensary, that they may obtain gratuitous medicine and advice for their pampered menials. Strange to say, this conduct is rarely exposed: and is even paraded in print as almsgiving!! These remarks will enable the reader more easily to understand the propriety of the Governors of the Hastings Dispensary stopping the supply of medicine to those who crowded to Dr. MACKNESS's morning gratuitous consultations.

In the beginning of 1848 he published his work entitled *Dysphonia Clericorum*. At the Derby meeting of the Provincial Association, he seems to have been eagerly on the outlook for information on the subject, from his professional brethren; and he writes to a friend, on his return home, that he had "met with several medical men of eminence who have seen much of the disease, and who have promised to answer any series of questions I may put to them." The sore throat, or aphonia, of clergymen, actors, orators, and public singers, is an interesting affection, and was handled in an able and highly practical manner by Dr. MACKNESS. He treats of its pathology, treatment, and prevention. He pointed out that the main cause is the long-continued strain of the organs, which do not, as in conversation, receive alternations of rest. He also showed that relaxed throat was often caused by speaking in a feigned voice. This statement was supported by a letter from MACREADY, who seems to have considered that the affection resulted less from the duration and the violence, than from the mode of speaking.

* *Sanitary Economics; or, our Medical Charities as they are, and as they ought to be.* By ALEXANDER P. STEWART, M.D. 8vo. Pp. 30. London: Churchill. 1849.

Dr. MACKNESS was now improving in health, and gaining a large practice, as well as an honourable fame. In 1849 he writes as follows:

My firm belief is, that I should not suffer at all, if my mind were perfectly quiet, and pleasantly occupied; but I have now a large practice; often much bodily and mental fatigue; and sometimes considerable exposure to the weather, in long journeys: and as these are inseparable from the practice of a profession which I love with all my heart, I make up my mind to suffer a little, rather than forego it. I have reason to think that the situation of Hastings is peculiarly favourable to my disease. I have never fully recovered the perfect use of my lower extremities, yet they are much stronger than formerly; for I used to require a stick to walk with—now I never, or rarely, use one. I do not, however, walk much, as I find I am soon tired. (p. 158.)

In the spring of 1849, however, there seemed to be a retrograde movement in his health; and he had renewed attacks of spasm of the glottis, which he had not experienced since he had fixed his residence at Hastings. In May of this year, he left his practice in charge of his friend Dr. CHASE, and proceeded with a party on a continental journey. The details of this excursion, given in the volume before us, serve to illustrate his excellent character. During his absence, and on his return home, he had severe returns of his former dreadful symptoms. Ill-health prevented his attending this year's anniversary of the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association, which was held at Worcester. At this meeting, it was resolved, "that a committee of five members be appointed to consider the means advisable to be adopted with a view to bringing the subject of medical ethics before the medical profession." The committee named were, Drs. GREENHILL, ROBERTSON, J. CONOLLY, MACKNESS, and Mr. FLINT. In the autumn of 1849, Dr. MACKNESS was occupied with the second edition of his first work, *Hastings a Resort for Invalids*. It was much improved; and in its present form is a valuable addition to the medical topography of England.

From Hull, whither he had gone to his favourite assembly of friends and brethren, he thus writes, on August 8th, 1850:—"Here I am safely lodged at the Victoria Hotel, after a pleasant journey to this place with Dr. and Mrs. ROBERTSON, Sir CHARLES and Miss HASTINGS. I am going to dine with the president to day, Dr. HORNER. Our next meeting is to take place at Brighton, and I am appointed to read a paper on the medical topography of the district." (Memorials, p. 196.) During the subsequent months of this year we find him ardently engaged with a lucrative practice, microscopic researches, and the preparation of his address for the Brighton meeting.

In January, 1851, he suffered dreadfully from neuralgia, and also from cough. On the 1st February, however, he was in tolerable health, and made this entry in his private diary:—"A most busy day: occupied and surrounded with all that can bless life, and make it happy. All without is bright: it is the internal man, the mental strife that lessens the perfection of happiness. The review of the past week is not so pleasant as the previous. What a yearning there is in the soul for what is high!" Ere another week had elapsed he was with his God. He died of pneumonia on the 8th February, 1851. CELSUS.

Notes. By Sir ROBERT HERON, Bart.
London: Groombridge.

THE volume designated by this very curt title would appear, for no explanation of its origin is given in the preface, to consist of selections from a diary which the author is in the habit of keeping, and in which, much after the manner of the renowned PEPYS, he sets down the occurrences of the day, both public and domestic. But Sir R. HERON, publishing his own memoranda, has the advantage of being enabled to give to the world only so much as concerns the public, without revealing his personal and private sayings and doings. Accordingly his volume is to be treated not so much as a biography, which it is not, as a gathering of anecdotes of eminent persons, and reminiscences of remarkable events, which are well worth preserving, and which will form an acceptable addition to the *Anna* of the present century.

The first note is dated Nov. 18, 1812, the last, in May of the present year, which leaves the author at the venerable age of 86. Having during that period mingled much in public life, and during the greater portion of it being a member

of the House of Commons, his opportunities for observation were necessarily great, and the stores of his memory have become abundant. A vein of not unpleasant vanity runs through the book, but the impression it conveys of its author is a genial one; it shows him to be thoroughly honest, with his heart in its right place, and altogether a highly creditable specimen of the English country gentleman.

As it is not a continuous work, but really what it is termed, a gathering of notes, it does not challenge criticism; it offers no theme for commentary: it can only be exhibited by *extract*, and therefore, without further preface, we subjoin, for the amusement of our readers, some of its most interesting *Ana.*

HIS MAIDEN SPEECH.

I took my seat February 2, and first spoke on the Catholic question. I was fortunate in speaking immediately after Mr. Pretyman Tomline, who gave me a good opportunity of replying to him. What I said was exceedingly well received. A witticism, "Some with mitres on their heads, and some, perhaps, with mitres in their heads," had a very great effect upon the House. I am doubtful, however, whether it was advantageous to me, as it gave considerable offence, and possibly took off the attention of persons from my argument, part of which was new, and, as I thought, strong.

It is the fashion to say that the House of Commons of this day is inferior in ability and eloquence to its predecessors before the era of Reform. Hear Sir R. HERON'S description of what it was.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN 1812.

There is, certainly, a great deficiency of oratory in the House of Commons, and perhaps, this is the reason there are so many speakers. Plunkett, on the Catholic question, exhibited a peculiar eloquence which astonished me: without manner, without elegant language, or even choice of words, without ornament of any kind, he poured forth, for nearly four hours, in the most rapid manner, a torrent of argument which seemed absolutely irresistible. Grattan was elegant and persuasive; Whitbread, always shrewd and powerful, though sometimes coarse, and often deficient in taste and judgment. These instruct the House, but it is most delighted with Canning; and that very circumstance gives him boldness, and enables him to delight it more. Brilliant wit, the most cutting personal satire, often mixed with buffoonery, but always delivered in elegant language, and with action particularly suited to it, these are his excellences. His speeches, however, are got up with much labour and study: an immense quantity of hoarded quotations must soon be exhausted by the enormous consumption; there may not always be sufficient opportunity for the satire, and the public will then find time to observe the almost total want of argument. Manners Sutton and Robinson have some talents for speaking, and will probably improve. Ponsonby speaks like a gentleman, generally tame; he sometimes rises above himself. After these, there is nothing at present worth notice.

Here is an amiable trait:

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN'S CHARITIES.

My wife employs all the women of decent character in our four villages, who choose it, in spinning; the stuff is then wove and bleached in the same district; what is wanted for our own use is taken, and the remainder given amongst the poor. This whole establishment has never exceeded the expense of forty guineas, and I am persuaded produces more benefit than might be obtained by five times the expenditure: the practice originated with my father. I have generally found, that to give amongst the labouring class, too often creates idleness; to lend, or to bestow, as the price of labour or exertion, generally encourages industry. I never give to those who go about on pretence of having lost cows, and I suffer no man on my estate to adopt so humiliating a practice. My usual plan with those who have any claim upon me, is, to lend what is wanted without interest; and neither in that case, or any other of the little similar loans which I willingly make amongst the labouring class, have I ever scarcely met with any other principle, than the honourable anxiety to repay me as soon as possible. Why do men so frequently complain of the ingratitude of the labouring class, and of servants? No doubt sometimes with reason, but I am convinced they much oftener complain, most unjustly, of want of gratitude where no favour has been granted. Between a good master and good servant the obligation is mutual.

ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA IN ENGLAND.

Satisfied with their renown, the monarchs despised the pomp which pleases vulgar minds, and delighted, particularly Alexander, in mixing in society, when permitted to do so, as private individuals. He went to

balls, sometimes unattended, and always danced with Lady Jersey and Mrs. Arbuthnot, sometimes, also, with others. His countenance is open and his manners simple and pleasing. He wished to see the Opposition, and Lords Grenville and Grey, Whitbread, Wilberforce, and some others, were desired to wait upon him. He did not listen, but talked much. He said the Opposition was a glass in which Sovereigns should see themselves, and that when he returned, he would organise an *Opposition in Russia*. This Emperor is certainly not wise.

At a subsequent period, we again find him complaining of the dearth of eloquence in the House of Commons.

The slender talents for eloquence in the Legislature are still more diminished. Canning is returned; but his powers appear to have sunk with his character. Sometimes, indeed, he is delivered of poetical prose, highly wrought, with great labour; not always new, very beautifully expressed, and forming the conclusion of a long harangue, little to the purpose and without any strength of argument. Burdett is much improved, but neither he nor Brougham have learned discretion. Horner is no more. Great acquirements, intense application, a great command of words, taste, judgment, force, honour, and patriotism—an amiableness of disposition and manners which engaged and captivated all men, led us to look to Horner as one of the first hopes of the nation; and his youth afforded the prospect of long and substantial improvement, from experience in everything connected with political exertions. His exertions in the House of Commons, and those which he made in his profession, the law, were too much for a constitution apparently delicate. He died in Italy of a consumption, and carried with him the sincere regrets of a more than ordinary proportion of his countrymen, and the *professed* lamentations of the rest.

A VEGETABLE WONDER.

On a peach tree, in my peach house, bearing a good crop of peaches, of which a small part is already gathered, is one very fine and perfect nectarine, produced without any art or trick. I had heard of this singular circumstance having occurred elsewhere, but never before had an opportunity of seeing it.

LORD CASTLEREAGH.

The King told Lady Fitzwilliam, he knew Lord Castlereagh had formerly drank to the rope that should hang the last King. I take his lordship to be as little sincere as the late Mr. Pitt in any political principle.

Sir R. HERON was a great Naturalist, and his notes continually present observations on the seasons, the habits of animals, &c. These were

PECULIARITIES OF 1826.

Amongst the peculiarities of the season, were the precose ripening of all the winter fruits, of which none will remain after Christmas. The enormous quantity of wasps, with the singular impossibility of finding many of their nests; and the extraordinary production of hedgehogs, which was so great, that in occasional walks round my green walk plantation, of eleven acres, after sunset, in three months, I caught fifty-two, and their numerous appearance was everywhere observed.

The following note was made upon the meeting of

THE FIRST REFORMED PARLIAMENT.

The first reformed Parliament is, I think, a very honest, but a very ignorant and a most disagreeable one. The members are almost all seized with the rage for speaking, and persevere in making all sorts of motions,—many very absurd,—to the interruption of the most important measures, which are at last proceeded with, often almost imperceptibly at late hours. Cobbett wants not assurance, but his total disregard of truth and decency, makes him a cypher in influence; but though his speeches are short, they are so incessant that he is a great and disgraceful nuisance. At first, the leaders of the Conservatives seemed to have some understanding with him; but they found him too contemptible. O'Connell seems still to lean to him. Peel is gradually become almost friendly to ministers; and, probably, the time is not distant when he will join them. As, however, he will not like to be second in the House of Commons, it may be deferred till the death of Lord Spencer has removed Lord Althorpe, who with all his honesty, has not sufficient talents or vigour for his situation.

A MOTTO.

Some one, I forget who, being asked by Crockford for a motto, gave him, "He fillet the hungry with good things, and the rich he sendeth empty away."

INSTINCT OR REASON.

In the islands of my menagerie are wigwags of earth roofed with weeds. At the usual time in January or February last, a black swan made her nest, not in the

wigwag, but in the door-way. In about a week, there came a rain which trickled from the roof upon the centre of the nest. The swan, without quitting her nest, with the assistance of her mate, who assiduously brought her the materials, lengthened the nest about eighteen inches from the door-way, and, at night, constantly moved the eggs to the new centre. The operation, which I watched myself, occupied about ten days; the eggs, four in number, were all successfully hatched.

SIR J. PAXTON IN 1842.

On my way home, I passed three days at Chatsworth, where were the Fitzwilliams, and a very agreeable party. The principal object of admiration in that magnificent establishment, is the conservatory, covering more than three quarters of an acre, built and laid out with the greatest taste and judgment. The whole is the work of Paxton, planned by his own genius and courage, contrary to the opinion of the eminent architects consulted, but now allowed by them to have been most successfully executed. Paxton is, probably, the ablest gardener in Europe, and has raised himself to eminence by native genius, unceasing activity, and unblemished character. This is much to say of a man yet alive, but I do not expect to have ever to retract it.

SCARLETT.

Death of Lord Abinger. A more unprincipled man I have rarely known; nor did he appear to me a man of ability. He certainly had a talent for imposing upon a jury, but, in conversation, he was a heavy egotist. He failed as a speaker in both Houses of Parliament, made a bad figure at an election, and was considered a bad judge.

We conclude with

REFLECTIONS AT EIGHTY-SIX.

A wise man at Peterborough proposed that a compliment should be paid to Lord Fitzwilliam, on his completing his 80th year. A wiser man advised it should first be ascertained whether he would like it; on being asked, he said, "Nonsense; do they suppose there is any pleasure in being eighty." The only pleasure I derive from it is the negative one that I am free from pain, that I have not lost my activity, and, as far as I am a judge, my faculties.

Vasari's Lives of the most Eminent Painters, Sculptors and Architects. Translated by Mrs. JONATHAN FOSTER. Vol. IV. London: Bohn.

THIS volume of one of the most acceptable of recent additions to the English library, both of Biography and of Art, commences with ANTONIO GALLO and closes with GAROFALO and DA CARPI, including, among others, the famous names of GIULIO ROMANO, SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO, BANDINELLI, NICCOLO, and SAN GALLO. The biographies are usually brief in their narrative portions, but very copious descriptions are given of the productions of the various artists. Forming a part of Mr. BOHN'S "Standard Library," this work is within the means of all who feel an interest in art and its history.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Anecdotes of the Habits and Instincts of Animals. By Mrs. R. LEE. Author of "The African Wanderer," &c. With Illustrations by HARRISON WIER. London: Grant and Griffiths.

THERE are few who do not remember the pleasure they enjoyed when young in the perusal of *Bingley's Animal Biography* (a new edition of which with illustrations and additions of subsequently collected materials, would be a profitable speculation.) Of this volume we could not speak in higher praise than to say it is a BINGLEY abridged. Mrs. LEE has collected from a variety of sources the most remarkable anecdotes of animals, and related them in a peculiarly amusing and attractive manner, so as to win the youthful mind to that most wholesome of all pursuits, the study of Natural History. The most juvenile will enjoy it, and even the children of larger growth will read it with pleasure and profit. As a specimen we extract these—

ANECDOTES OF A RAT.

Rats are nocturnal in their habits, and like to live in subterranean, or mysterious abodes. They are found in islands lying in the midst of the ocean, till the moment of their discovery to us, supposed not to have been visited by man, and yet the question still remains unsettled, whether the differences which exist in rats were caused by locality, or whether they were so from the beginning. There is now no known spot free from the Norway rat, and the greater the number, of course the more impudent they become. In Ceylon, I am told,

where they are innumerable, they perch on the top of a chair, or screen, and sit there till something is thrown at them, at which they slowly retreat. A noise is heard in the verandah close by you, and you see a party of rats, disputing with a dog for the possession of some object. A traveller in Ceylon saw his dogs set upon a rat, and making them relinquish it, he took it up by the tail, the dogs leaping after it the whole time; he carried it into his dining-room, to examine it there by the light of the lamp, during the whole of which period it remained as if it were dead; limbs hanging, and not a muscle moving. After five minutes he threw it among the dogs, who were still in a state of great excitement; and to the astonishment of all present, it suddenly jumped upon its legs, and ran away so fast that it baffled all its pursuers.

One evening, when at Bathurst, St. Mary's, I was sitting at work in an upper room, and in the midst of the stillness, heard somewhat breathing close to me. There was no other person in the chamber except my child, who was asleep in bed. Although startled, I did not move, but casting my eyes round I saw a huge rat, sitting upon the table at my elbow, watching every movement of my fingers. I could scarcely help laughing at his cool impudence, and suppose I had been too much absorbed by thought, or employment, to notice his approach. I gradually laid down my work, and slipping quietly out of the room, as if I had not perceived him, called the servants. It was supposed that there were nests of rats in the chimney; for that Government House had been wisely provided with the possibility of having fires in the rooms during the rainy season; and the hunt began. I jumped on to the bed, not only to be out of the way, but to keep the rats from the place where my child was. Two of the men, furnished with sticks, routed the enemy from their hiding-places, and four others squatted at the corners of the room, holding a cloth spread between their hands. They said it was most likely the rats would run round the walls, and they should therefore catch them in the open cloth. The event proved them to be right; the frightened animals rushed to them, were immediately enclosed, and their necks were wrung in a moment. After the hunt was ended, they were thrown over the verandah into the garden, to the number of at least fifty. In the morning, however, they were all gone, but the foot-marks of the Genet cats told how they had been removed. Some squeaks the next day in the chimney betrayed the presence of some very young ones, and a fire of damp grass being lighted, their destruction was completed by suffocation. This was perhaps cruel, but it was necessary in self-defence; and I shuddered to think of how I and my daughter might, in our sleep, have been attacked by these animals. It is not to be wondered at, when surrounded by myriads of obnoxious animals, how any tender feelings towards that part of creation become blunted. At the moment of which I speak, valuable books, dried plants, papers containing the data of scientific observations, concerning the survey of the river Gambia to a considerable distance, were destroyed during the illness of the observer, by rats and insects.

One afternoon, the commandant of Bathurst was quietly reading, when he heard a violent squeaking and hissing in the room below him, which was even with the ground, and contained stores. He took the key, and followed by his servants armed with sticks, went to ascertain the cause. On opening the door they beheld a rat and a venomous serpent engaged in mortal combat. Nothing could be more beautiful than the action of both animals; the rat had retreated for a moment, and stood with flashing eyes; the head of the serpent was reared to receive a fresh attack; again and again they closed and separated, but the reptile, although much bitten, gained the victory; the rat fell, foamed at the mouth, swelled to a great size, and died in a very few minutes. The serpent glided away, but was afterwards discovered in her nest with several young ones, in a crack of the store-room wall, close to a staircase, which we were in the habit of descending daily, and where, in fact, I had often seen the serpents' heads peeping out, and had waited till they were withdrawn.

Of the brown rat Mr. Jesse tells the following story:—"The Rev. Mr. Ferryman, walking out in some meadows one evening, observed a great number of rats in the act of migrating from one place to another, which it is known, they are in the habit of doing occasionally. He stood perfectly still, and the whole assemblage passed close to him. His astonishment, however, was great, when he saw an old blind rat, which held a piece of stick at one end in its mouth, while another rat had hold of the other end of it, and thus conducted his blind companion."

The amount of destructive force possessed by rats, cannot be better exemplified than in the report given to the French Government, relating to the removal of the horse slaughter-houses, situated at Montfaucon, to a greater distance from Paris; one great objection being the disastrous consequences which might accrue to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, if these voracious creatures were suddenly deprived of their usual sustenance. It is well known, that the mischief which they occasion is not confined to what they eat; but they undermine houses, burrow through dams, destroy drains, and commit incalculable havoc, in every place and in every thing.

The report states, that the carcases of horses killed one day, and amounting to thirty-five, would be found the next morning with the bones picked clean. A per-

son of the name of Dusaussois, belonging to the establishment, made this experiment. A part of his yard was enclosed by solid walls, at the foot of which, several holes were made for the entrance and exit of the rats. Into this enclosure he put the bodies of three horses, and in the middle of the night he stopped up all the holes as quietly as he could; he then summoned several of his workmen, and each, armed with a torch and a stick, entered the yard, and carefully closed the door. They then commenced a general massacre; in doing which, it was not necessary to take aim, for wherever the blow fell, it was sure to knock over a rat, none being allowed to escape by climbing over the walls. This experiment was repeated at intervals of a few days, and at the end of a month, 15,050 rats had been destroyed. In one night they killed 2,650; and yet this cannot give an entirely adequate idea of their number, for the yard in question did not cover more than a twentieth part of the space allotted to killing horses. The rats in this place have made burrows for themselves, like catacombs; and so great is their number, that they have not found room close by the slaughter-houses. They have gone farther; and the paths to and from their dwellings may be traced across the neighbouring fields.

The Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, are greatly infested by rats; but they are too cunning to stay there during the day time, when they might be more easily caught; so they in the morning cross the canal to the opposite shore, and return in the evening to commit their depredations.

The water-rats, or voles, eat fishes, frogs, and toads, besides other food, and do infinite mischief to banks and dams, which they undermine. Their smell is so acute, that they will not approach a trap over which a hand has been passed; and they are particularly abundant in all places where herrings are cured, leaving them when the season is over. The thing of all others which attracts rats of all kinds, is a piece of roast beef; of which they are so fond, that they have been known to kill a companion who has eaten some, that they might devour the contents of his stomach.

Dr. Carpenter was told by a trustworthy eyewitness, that she saw a number of rats safely convey some eggs down a flight of stairs, from a store room, to their own dwellings. They stationed themselves on each stair, and each egg, held in the fore paws, was handed from one rat to another the whole way. The rats who dipped their tails into a jar of treacle, into which they could not dip their paws, and suffered their companions to lick them afterwards, is a well-known story.

Rats have often attacked children who have been left in a room by themselves; and infants have even lost their lives from the blood which their bites have caused to flow.

The following instance of sagacity deserves to be recorded. "During the great flood of the 4th of September, 1829, when the river Tyne was at its height, a number of people were assembled on its margin. A swan appeared with a black spot upon its plumage, which on its nearer approach proved to be a live rat. It is probable, that the latter had been borne into the water by some object, and observing the swan, had taken refuge on its back for safety. As soon as the swan reached the land, the rat leaped off and ran away."

Two ladies, friends of a near relative of my own, from whom I received an account of the circumstance, were walking in Regent-street, and were accosted by a man who requested them to buy a beautiful little dog, covered with long, white hair, which he carried in his arms. Such things are not uncommon in that part of London, and the ladies passed on without heeding him. He followed, and repeated his entreaties, stating, that as it was the last he had to sell, they should have it at a reasonable price. They looked at the animal; it was really an exquisite little creature, and they were at last persuaded. The man took it home for them, received his money, and left the dog in the arms of one of the ladies. A short time elapsed, and the dog, which had been very quiet, in spite of a restless, bright eye, began to show symptoms of uneasiness, and as he ran about the room, exhibited some unusual movements, which rather alarmed the fair purchasers. At last, to their great dismay, the new dog ran squeaking up one of the window curtains, so that when the gentleman of the house returned home a few minutes after, he found the ladies in consternation, and right glad to have his assistance. He vigorously seized the animal, took out his pen-knife, cut off its covering, and displayed a large rat to their astonished eyes, and, of course to its own destruction.

FICTION.

Ravenscliffe. By the Author of "Emilia Wyndham," "The Wilmingtons," &c. In 3 vols. London: Colburn and Co.

Falkenburg: a Tale of the Rhine. By the Author of "Mildred Vernon," &c. In 3 vols. London: Colburn and Co.

The Fair Carew; or Husbands and Wives. In 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder and Co.

The Last Peer. A Novel. In 3 vols. London: Newby.

THE remarks we have so often made on the

characteristics of the English novel, as regards both its excellences and defects, receive renewed confirmation with every fresh issue from the teeming press. They continue to be characterized by heaviness and poverty of invention; they want the attractive features of the French novels: their liveliness and ingenuity of plot, divorced from their licentiousness. If we could combine English purity of moral with French cleverness in constructing a story and spirit in telling it, the result would be the *beau idéal* of fiction. As yet we are far from this achievement, and we shall continue to remind our own novelists of these, their defects, until we see them making an effort to cure them. It may be that it is not in the nature of the English mind to succeed in such an endeavour. But at least the trial should be fairly made, and until it is tried we shall not cease to complain of defects which we believe to be capable of cure, if the task be undertaken with right good will.

The first in the list of the fictions produced during the last month is by a writer who has established for herself a very high reputation, chiefly because she is least obnoxious of any of her contemporaries, save THACKERAY, to the complaint we have preferred against the English school of fiction. Mrs. MARSH usually constructs a plot which, if not altogether consistent with itself or even with the licence of probabilities allowed to novelists, has at least the merit of novelty. When you have read through half of the first volume you cannot foretell the story and its termination, as you can with nine out of ten of her contemporaries. Her composition is lively, when she does not *cant*, and her dialogues are dramatic. She is mistress, also, of the pathetic, and "works up" scenes of sorrow just to the point where her readers can follow her without being positively pained—enough to enable them to taste the *luxury* of woe. Hence her popularity.

Ravenscliffe unites the best features of all its predecessors. The authoress has evidently taken more pains with it than usual, probably in hope to remove the injurious impression made by her last novel, which appears to have been unfavourably received by the public, who were beginning to complain that she was writing too much and too fast. *Ravenscliffe* is a sufficient answer to these fears. It proves that her powers are yet far from failing. Nowhere has she composed a better plot or wrought up scenes of more power, or shown more skill in the disposition of her materials. There is a truth and a moral in the tale. A Cambridge student is horsewhipped by a fellow student, publicly, ignominiously. RANDAL LANGFORD's principles will not permit him to fight; he is consequently the butt of all college company, laughed at, insulted, and despised. But revenge rankles in his bosom. He is proud; he cannot endure the scorn of his fellow students; he quits the University, retires to the seat of his father deep in the wilds of Northumberland. There he broods over the insult, feeds upon hopes of vengeance sooner or later, and makes that the object of his existence. While these terrible thoughts are haunting him, there comes an angel of peace in the person of ELEANOR WHARNCIFFE, with whom the gloomy RANDAL falls desperately in love. She does not return his passion; but circumstances compel her to yield to his almost imperious will, and she marries him. Her presence soothes his gloom, smiles return to his lips, peace to his heart, the fiend was departing when—and this is one of those masterly incidents sometimes found in Mrs. MARSH's novels, which almost exempt her from the defect we have noted above as common to English fiction—the fond impassioned RANDAL discovers that *his wife* has yet an old love lingering about her heart, who forbids her to return *his* passion; and this love is his old antagonist, his foe, his hate, his demon, MARCUS FITZROY! The terrible passion, the intense agonies, the fearful madness of rage that follow this discovery; the pangs of the unhappy wife, the catastrophe, are described with masterly power and ability for which we were not prepared, even by those scenes most resembling it in intensity, the closing chapters of *The Admiral's Daughter*. From this point, although the tale is far from concluded, the interest declines, and the latter portion of the work is very inferior indeed to the commencement, just as in the *Provisions of Lady Evelyn*, in which the same falling off occurred at the close, consequent, we fear, upon an imaginary necessity for filling three volumes, although the story should properly have concluded in two.

With this commentary upon it, we need not say

that we can recommend our readers to borrow it from their libraries.

The author, or as we believe, the authoress, of *Falkenburg*, made some stir with *Mildred Vernon*. There was good stuff in it, a refreshing novelty of style and subject. In a subsequent work of a different class, entitled *Germania*, an internal acquaintance with Germany, its people and its politics, was the attractive feature compensating for a good deal of twaddle and book-making. In *Falkenburg*, that knowledge of Germany has been turned to better account, for laying there the scene of the greater portion of the plots, the narrative has an air of *vraisemblance* too often wanting in novels in which the writers venture abroad for their materials. The author gravely endeavours in his preface to engage the reader's sympathy by asserting that the tale is a fact and not a fiction: that she is more of a chronicler than a novelist; that she describes characters she has known and events she has witnessed. "Invention," she adds, "is the last merit that must be sought for in the ensuing pages." She is needlessly modest in this, and her readers are not likely to give her credit for it. They are usually rather unwilling to have the charm of fiction broken by the assurance that after all, it is *only* a fact. Let the readers of *Falkenburg* enjoy the illusion, if such it is, and take the credit they will accord to you, spite of your disclaimers of having woven for their amusement a very interesting if not a very complicated plot, and filled it with incidents which, if not particularly exciting, at least afford opportunities for pleasing and accurate descriptions of scenery, of famous places in Germany, of foreign manners and habits combined with extremely lively dialogue and some brilliant sketches of character.

But one thing we must protest against here and everywhere, the needless introduction of French into the conversations. We have no objection to French phrases, if they express, as many do, ideas that cannot be correctly conveyed in English. If an entire dialogue were conducted in French, we should not much object to it, because such persons might be supposed sometimes so to converse, and it would at least be true to the life. But no English person ever talks a pie-bald language, half French and half English, with one sentence of the most ordinary matter in the one language, and the next in the other, thus interlarding an entire dialogue. It is a miserable affectation in the author, and looks like a desire to show off, as indeed it is. This is a grievous fault in *Falkenburg* and marred much of the pleasure we had otherwise enjoyed in its perusal. A long residence in France might have been the authoress's excuse for being more French in her phrases than is usual with writers who have not been accustomed to think in that language. But it is not an excuse for the use of it where it expresses nothing but what might have been said in the most commonplace English.

Secret marriage and its mischiefs, is the subject of *The Fair Carew*. The complications of the story arise, of course, out of the inconvenient situations in which the married pair are placed, in consequence of being supposed to be single, and in that capacity, the objects of admiration, of love, of intrigue and of calculation. This idea is not a new one, nor is there overmuch of novelty or of ingenuity in the plot by which it is exhibited. The claims of *The Fair Carew* to notice consist in the excellence of its writing; the intellect that has been bestowed upon it, not merely in a certain elaborate finish, apparent in every part, but in the abundance of thought that has been employed, the minute and careful pictures of persons and places, and the labour as well as ability employed in the composition, as a work of art, reminding us forcibly of the best novels of Miss Austen, only wanting in the life-like reality that distinguishes her novels, and makes her personages to live in the memory as if they were acquaintances whom we had seen and talked with. *The Fair Carew* wants that creative power, for the LUTTRELLS are not so much portraits as abstractions; but, in literary ability, as a piece of skilful writing, upon which art has been expended, it will be read with pleasure by all, and with the admiration which the presence of intellectual power always excites in minds capable of appreciating excellence in any shape. It is far above the average of the usual novels of the season.

The idea of *The Last Peer*, is at least a new one. The author projects himself into an imaginary futurity, and endeavours to depict the condition of England some fifty years hence, when, as he supposes, the decline of national greatness

will be far advanced, when we shall be without empire or colonies, with no trade abroad, and no employment at home; when the land shall have gone out of cultivation, and the landowners be reduced to the necessity of working or emigrating. This absurd dream of a bilious temperament, which habitually sees darkness where all others see light, is described with some ability, so far as the composition goes. But no writing could redeem the essential dullness of such a subject, and we fear that *The Last Peer* will not become popular even with those democrats who would rejoice in the prospect of such an individual. The author has capacities for writing a good novel on a better theme.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Poems and Essays. By DALMOCAND. London: Partridge and Oakley.

A Staffordshire Legend. By the Author of "Hoel the Hostage." London: Simpkin and Co.

Mordecai: or, the Jew Exalted: A Dramatic Poem. London: Partridge and Co.

Ida De Galis: A Tragedy. By the Rev. R. W. MORGAN. London: Bateman and Co.

DALMOCAND presents himself in the double and doubtful character of a rhymier, and teetotal moralizer. As a rhymier, he is slow and heavy, and as a moralist, dogmatically inconsistent. The gilt edges and the delicate getting-up of the book are too choice for its contents. It is such a pretty looking volume that we strongly recommend it to the drawing-room table, provided it is suffered to remain there. We almost despair of convincing authors that very few poems and essays printed in obscure newspapers, the result of boyish inexperience and ambition, have sufficient value to be reprinted in a more public and imposing form. We need not multiply proofs and waste our space, in order to show the hopeless character of DALMOCAND's muse; but we will give one poem, and if our readers can detect in it a germ of hope or excellence, be it "no bigger than a wren's eye" we will give them credit for uncommon astuteness.

THE LADY OF BALMORAL.

Breathe I again in Scotia's dear eldrie,
Amid repose and gladness;
Outrid each gale, unscathed by each clime
Of anarchy and madness!

Well might the lady clasp now her hands
In grateful adoration;
While around fluttered bright angel bands
To guard the queen, the nation.

Erin! oh, wouldst thou heark to my cry,
And view thy queen caress thee?
Sloth, then, and treason, bid deathward hie,
And Industry shall bless thee.

Rested anon the lady her head,
A throbbing palm its pillow;
Welled forth rich strains the lark as it sped,
All mute the "whispering willow."

Thanks be to thee! sweet bard of the sky,
A gleam of joy thou'st given;
Care-worn, earth-weary, with thee I'll fly,
Behymning songs of heaven.

In a literary point of view DALMOCAND is a better essayist than rhymier, but we have no sympathy with his one-sided deductions, and absurd denunciations. Every man has a right to ride a hobby, so long as he is sufficiently charitable, and just, not to interfere with the rights of others. This DALMOCAND does not do, but he hustles and jostles everybody in his insane bustle to ride his hobby to an extravagant conclusion. We have read the teachings of CHRIST and PAUL to little purpose, if we are now to believe with DALMOCAND that moderation is no virtue. The drinking of water seems to have taken all excitement, even that which is perfectly harmless and innocent, out of DALMOCAND. How such a man would clip and rub down the exuberant spirit of youth! To what a dull insipid Christmas—Christmas, that is now bounding near to us with laughing face, and elastic heart—would this sober-minded moralist welcome us withal! Our civilized readers shall hear his opinion of one of their pastimes.

Then comes DANCING. I remember that in childhood, I had a few weeks' instruction, and even yet I might execute a jig or two after a fashion—but where, I ask, is the philosophy of dancing? When we hear of the benighted heathen performing strange courses of devotion before his wooden deity, we sigh; nor can we refrain smiling at the merry infant bobbing to his shadow; but what are we to think of young men and maidens in this christian land, without any imaginable reason, leaping up and down as if they were bewitched, and spinning like "teetotums."

Such is a fair sample of the tone and character of the book. Really such opinions are too ridiculous for serious reply. "But what philosophy is there in dancing?" says the sage essayist. Much, very much. What philosophy is there in a game of cricket, and in our national custom of shaking hands? If the definition of philosophy be wisdom and knowledge—and DALMOCAND had better study his dictionary to know that—then we aver that there is a vast amount of philosophy in any and every act which keeps the heart social and the body healthful. We turn from DALMOCAND's volume to another of less ambitious pretensions, but temperate, sensible, and here and there exhibiting a charming poem. We trust *A Staffordshire Legend* will have a good sale, first for its merits, and secondly for its object, the profits of the sale being intended to aid the building of an infant and Sunday school at Compton.

There is a graceful seriousness, and a buoyant faith in the authoress, which reminds us of Mrs. HEMANS. The poems have been wisely and carefully revised, and while there is much to instruct and make better the heart, there is nothing that can offend a fastidious taste, such as false rhymes or imperfect intonation.

Mordecai; or the Jew Exalted, is a misnomer; we do not believe that the Jew has been in any way exalted by the performance. We have ever respected the form of poetry, the rise and fall of its rhythm, and its syllabled cadence giving out melody like an Æolian harp when the wind sweeps over it; but our respect is losing its potency, and we are taught by MORDECAI that the mere form of poetry may be no more vital and melodious than the rattle of dry bones. Henceforth, our best faith is shaken, and we know not to what ebb the name of "Dramatic Poem" may sink. We open the book promiscuously, and alight on a conversation between a butler and a soldier, and we give the extract for our readers' edification, only observing with FALSTAFF, that we would "not march through Coventry" with such soldiers, "that's flat." Can the measure of ten syllables ever fall lower than this?

Soldier. Here comes the wine! Come, butler, can you tell *The ladies of the kitchen*, why we all
Are marched about against our will to night?

Servant. One says the King is mad,—another, dead,—
One says he's murdered by friend Mordecai,—
Another gives a hint of poisoned wine.

Sold. Not from this wine, I hope: was it this wine?

My nose is very sensitive; I perceive

A double odour rising from this cup:

One is the aromatic odour of the wine,

A grateful essence touching up desire;

The other, I think, is hyssop, or, some root

Of deadly herb, by error mixed in here.

No,—I'm mistaken; by this faintish swag,

That tickles in the throat, 'tis what they use

To poison rats,—ratsbane is the name.

Butler. You are a rat for saying so: look here

I hate all rats: so thus I drink this cup,

That, if there be a rattling spirit in me,

I'll settle him at once.

Sold. By your good leave

I'll do as you have done and take a cup,

For I perceive a gnawing 'neath my ribs.

Ida De Galis, is totally unlike the tragedy we have just dismissed, not however in result, for neither is a successful effort, but in its pretensions and its dramatic amplification. *Mordecai* never rises above colloquial meanness, but *Ida De Galis* is an impersonal exaggeration. Mr. MORGAN has not done justice to his own powers, inasmuch as he has suffered his mental eloquence, which is naturally great, to be clogged by an exuberance of heavy learning. The course of the story is not a skilful and natural development of character, but the utterance of scraps of old histories and mythology. The personages of the tragedy, with their ponderous words, remind us of certain ancient knights whose unwieldy armour was absurdly disproportionate to the free action of the body. Added to this, the tragedy, for acting purposes, contains matter enough for three. We exceedingly regret that Mr. MORGAN should have so mistaken the requirements of the drama. If he ever write again, we hope he will be truer to the promptings of the real poetry which stirs within him, and then we should have less passages of this sort, which alike confound actor and reader.

Hast thou a son—

Adult like old Deucalion's in a night
From some geologic stone, that I'm dismissed
To the dumb convent of Pythagoras,
Where "ipse dixit" are the scholar's code?

A noble nature, generous and free
As th' untill'd Tropics of their wealth, acute
As ever Spartan in the sensitive
Of honor—but that's a Decade past.

Lord Claude's life on that thin filament
Depends, which the Sicilian scymetar
Strained o'er the head of Damocles. Our alchemist
Has sold his poison. Death by suicide

Is death by circumstance—circumstance makes
Suicide: it ends Angina Cordis.

We could, *ad infinitum*, continue passages of this character, but to show what Mr. MORGAN could have done without such exaggerated conceits, we give a passage of great beauty, which is rare now in Mr. MORGAN'S muse, but which he can easily multiply if he would only descend from his false elevation.

The moon
Like a golden flooring lay on the earth
Making the gnat's horn visible. The dew
Dropping in diamonds crowned the night fays
And flowers with liquid jewelry.—

I well remember on the turning step
Just as the chapel choir succeeded to chant
The even song, while yet the organ peal
Climbed the vast lap of silence, thou didst declare
Such nights were never made for thee or me,
Nor yet such melody.

Luther; or, Rome and the Reformation. By ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M.A., Author of "The Christian Life," &c. Sixth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. London: Blackwood.

HAVING announced an intention not to review new editions of known works, we are not about to violate the rule on this occasion of the sixth edition of *Luther*, by ROBERT MONTGOMERY. But a volume which NEANDER said (just before his death), he had perused "with profoundest interest and great joy," in connection with the fact that this reprint contains nearly 1,000 lines of new matter—will amply justify us in adding to our poetical department a single extract from the original lines.

MIND AND MATTER.

Thus, matter is the instrument of mind,
And mind, as monarch, over matter reigns
With secret magic: thoughts are throneless kings,
Yet, thrones do wither, when their viewless sway
Becomes imperial! Then, the slaves of sense
Unlearn that lesson brutal Science taught
Mere Flesh to credit,—that the True
Is what we witness, handle, taste, or hear;
While Unreality to that belongs
Which Faith doth canonize, as law and life
Supreme, by reason loved, and conscience own'd!
But this! how baseless! Power to mind pertains;
Reality within the realm of thought
Abides; and (what from sense is far remote),
Those lone Abstractions, which the lofty mind
Visions before it, ponders o'er, and proves,—
Are of the Factors whence our work-day lives
Derive expansion, and more blest are made.
Oh! not more truly can some bard adapt
Poetic language to melodious thought,
Than to the process of those laws, mind-born,
Within us sanction'd,—God this outer world
Hath framed, and fashioned. Thus, the most abstract
Creator, who from carnal earth retires,
While from her watch-towers Speculation eyes
In stillness, what ideal problems prove,—
Is no fanatic: for, resulting products show
That what pure Thought conceiv'd, creation-laws
Hereafter realise; and hence attest,
How facts in mind to forms of matter fit
Their truth, and justify what Thought foretold.

A NEW POET IN GLASGOW.

DISCOVERERS are often a much injured class of men. Sometimes the worth of their object is denied, sometimes their claim to the fact of finding it out is contested, and sometimes, in the brilliance of the star, the astronomer who has first observed it is utterly eclipsed! Nevertheless it is a pleasant thing, "when a new planet swims into our ken," or when, to pursue the quotation, we happen to resemble—

—Stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Gathered around him with a wild surmise,
Silent upon a peak in Darien.

This quotation is suggested, partly by the thought it embodies, and partly by the recollection of its author, both relevant to the subject before us. We—first—we alone, claim the merit of discovering a new Poet in Glasgow, and a Poet, too, who in genius, circumstances, and present position, is not unlike JOHN KEATS. God forbid he should resemble him in his future destiny!

Some four months ago we received a packet of poetry from Glasgow, accompanied with a very modest note, signed "ALEX. SMITH." Encumbered with many duties, and with an immense mass of MS., good, bad, and indifferent, we allowed the volume to lie by us for a long time, till at last, lifting it up carelessly, we lighted upon some lines that pleased us, were tempted to read on—did so—and ere the end, were all but certain we had found a Poet—a new and real star in those barren Northern skies. We told the Poet our impressions; he in reply sent us two later effusions, which completely confirmed

us; and we have now no hesitation in saying, that since SIDNEY YENDYS, we have met with no more promising aspirant. He has not YENDYS' intellect, nor art, nor culture, but his vein is equally true, and some of his verses are as sweet and tremblingly rich—like a rose shaken in the summer wind.

Poor fellow! at the age of ten he was sent from school to a commercial employment, where he has been engaged, ever since, ten hours a day, for the last eleven years. He is now, consequently, twenty-one. His principal, though not his best Poem, was written two years ago. It is entitled a "Life Fragment," and is, it seems, an attempt to set his "own life to music."

We may, without analysing the story, which is very slight, quote a few extracts from this powerful, though juvenile, unequal, and somewhat imitative Poem. These will speak for themselves, for their author, and for us! Hear this of certain books:

They mingle gloom and splendour, as I've oft
In thund'rous sunsets seen the thunder piles
Scam'd with dull fire, and fiercest glory rents.
They awe him to his knees, as if he stood
In presence of a King. They give him tears,
Such glorious tears as Eve's fair daughters shed
When first they clasped a son of God, all bright
With burning plumes and splendours of the sky
In zoning heaven of their milky arms.
How few read books aright! Most souls are shut
By sense from their grandeur, as the man who snores,
Nightcap'd and wrapt in blankets to the nose
Is shut out from the Night, which, like a sea,
Breaketh for ever on a strand of stars.

Again, of a Poet—

His was not that love
That comes on men with their beads; his soul was rich
And this his book unveils it, as the Night
Her panting wealth of stars. The world was cold,
And he went down like a lone ship at sea;
And now the fame which scorned him in life
Waits on him like a menial.
When the dark dumb Earth
Lay on her back and watch'd the shining stars. &c.

Hear this, too, of a Song—the Song itself we do not give:—

I'll sing it to thee, 'tis a song of one,
An image warm in his soul's excess,
Like a sweet thought within a Poet's heart,
Ere it is born in joy and golden words—
Of one, whose naked soul stood clad in love,
Like a pale martyr in his shirt of fire.

There is not a finer line than this last in literature! The combination of the thought, the image, and the picture formed from both, is perfect.

Let Mr. SMITH be permitted again to speak of the Poet—of such as himself!

The Poet was as far 'bove common men
As a sun-steed, wild-eyed, and meteor-mad,
Neighing the reeling stars, is 'bove a dray,
With mud in its veins.
Shaken with joy or sadness, tremulous
As the soft star which in the azure East
Trembles with pity o'er bright bleeding Day.

But here is a higher voice:

The soliloquy with which God broke
The silence of the dead Eternities,—At which ancient words,
With shivery tresses like a child from sleep,
Uprose the splendid, mooned, and long-haired Night,
The loveliest born of God.

To this the lady well answers—

Doubtless your first chorus
Shall be the shoutings of the morning stars!
What martial music is to marching men,
Should Song be to Humanity. In bright Song
The Infant Ages born and swathed are.

Thus he opens the Second Part; and is it not like the sound of a trumpet?

Curl not thy grand lip with that scorn, O World!
Nor men with eyes of cold and cruel blue
Withier my heart-strings with contemptuous "Pooh!"
Alas, my spirit sails not yet unfurled,
Flap idly 'gainst the mast of my intent.
Bagged Ledger men, with souls by Mammon churl'd,
What need of mocks or jeers from you or yours,
Since hope of Song is by Scorn's arrow shent!
O Poets, the glory of the lands,
Of thee no more my thirsty spirit drinks.
I seek the look of Fame! poor fool, so tries
Some lonely wand're'r 'mong the desert sands,
By shouts to gain the notice of the Sphinx,
Staring right on with calm eternal eyes.

This last line should have been in Hyperion. It reminds us of

Sate grey-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone.
Or,
With solemn step an awful Goddess came!
Or,
And plunged all noiseless into the deep Night.

but is, perhaps, finer than any of them. It is one of those lines which are *worlds* of self-contained power and harmony!

We give another laboured and very splendid passage:

Ev'n as I write the ghost of one bright hour
Comes from its grave and stands before me now.

'Twas at the close of a long summer's day,
As we were standing on a grassy slope,
The sunset hung before us like a dream
That shakes a demon in his fiery hair.
The clouds were standing round the setting sun
Like gaping caves, fantastic pinnacles;
Wide castles throbbing in their own fierce light;
Tall spires that went and came like spires of flame,
Cliffs quivering with fire-snow, and sunset-peaks
Of piled gorgeously, and rocks of fire
A-tilt and poised; bare beaches crimson seas:
All these were huddled in that dreadful West;
All shook and trembled in unsteady light,
And from the centre blazed the angry Sun,
Stern as the unlash'd eye of God, a glare
O'er ev'ning city with its boom of sin.
Dost thou remember as we journeyed home,
(That dreadful sunset burnt into our brain)
With what a soothing came the naked Moon;
She, like a swimmer that has found his ground,
Came rippling up a silver strand of clouds,
And plunged from the other side into the Night.

Here is a fine thought in a softer vein:

O my Friend,
If thy rich heart is like a palace shattered,
Stand up amid the ruins of thy heart,
And with a calm brow front the solemn stars.
'Tis four o'clock already, see the Moon
Has climbed the eastern sky,
And sits and tarries for the coming Night.
So let thy soul be up and ready-armed,
In waiting till occasion comes like night,
As night to moons—to souls occasion comes.

Take another sweet image (perhaps suggested by that line in *Festus*, which DAVID SCOTT pronounced the best in the poem

Friendship has passed me like a ship at sea.)—

We twain have met like ships upon the sea,
Who hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet;
One little hour, and then away they speed
On lonely paths through mist and cloud and foam—
To meet no more.

Again, he says—

God is a worker. He has thickly sown
Wide space with rolling grandeur. God is Love:
He yet shall wipe away Creation's tears,
And all the worlds shall summer in his smile.
Why work I not? the veriest mote that sports
Its one day life within the sunny beam,
Hath its stern duties. Wherefore have I none!

Listen, O world, to this picture of thy weary self:

Methinks our darkened world doth wander lone,
A Cain-world, outcast from her peers in light;
Wild and curse driven. A poor maniac world,
Homeless and sobbing, through the deep she goes.

The following passage has obvious faults of rhythm and diction, but is quite equal to anything in *Festus* on the same theme. It is a picture of the poet of the coming time:

When ages flower, ages and bards are born;
My friend, a Poet must ere long arise,
And with a regal song sun-crown the age,
As a saint's head is with a glory crowned;
One who shall hallow Poetry to God
And to its own high uses—for poetry is
The grandest chariot in which king-thoughts ride;
One who shall fervent grasp the sword of song,
As a stern swordsman grasps his keenest blade
To gain the quickest passage to the heart.
A mighty Poet, whom this age shall choose
To be its spokesman to all coming times.
In the ripe full-blown season of his soul
He shall go forward in his spirit's strength
And grapple with the questions of all time
And wring from them their meanings. As King Saul
Called up the buried prophet from his grave
To speak his doom: so shall this Poet-King
Call up the dead Past from its awful grave
To tell him of our future. As the air
Doth sphere the world, so shall his heart of love—
Loving mankind, not peoples. As the lake
Reflects the flower, tree, rock, and bending heav'n,
Shall he reflect our great humanity.
And as the young Spring breathes with living breath
On a dead branch till it sprouts fragrantly,
Green leaves and sunny flowers shall breathe life,
Through every theme he touch, making all Beauty
And Poetry for ever like the Stars.

There follows a noble rhapsody on the Stars, for which we have not room. We quote the closing passage of this "Life-Fragment."

As he wrote, his task the lovelier grew,
Like April into May, or as a child
A smile in the lap of life, by fine degrees
Orbs to a maiden walking with meek eyes
In atmosphere of beauty round her breath'd,
Over his work he flash'd and paled in room
Hallowed with glooms and books. Priests which have wed
Their makers unto Fame. Moons which have shed
Eternal halos around England's head:
Books dusky and thumbed without, within a sphere,
Smelling of Spring, as genial, fresh, and clear,
And beautiful as is the rainbow'd air
After May showers. Within this warm lair
He spent in writing all the winter moons.
But when May came with train of sunny noons,
He chose a leafy summer house within
The greenest nook of all his garden green.
Oft a fine thought, his face would flush divine;
As he had quaffed a cup of olden wine,
Which defies the drinker: oft his face
Gleamed "like a spirit's" in that shady place,
When he saw smiling upwards from the scroll
The image of the thought within his soul,
As mid the waving shadows of the trees,
Mid garden odours and the hum of bees,
He wrote the last and closing passages.

'Tis truly a noble fragment of a "Life" this—the chip of a colossal block. We fervently trust that Mr. SMITH's "life" may be long extended, his delicate health strengthened, and his circumstances so ameliorated, that he may fulfil the beautiful promise he has so unequivocally given.

We have a few sonnets from his pen. These are of various merit, some of them too much modelled on those of favourite authors such as WORDSWORTH. This fault of imitation is one with which Mr. SMITH, like all young poets, is chargeable to some extent, and of which his detractors are certain bitterly to accuse him. His imitation, however, is occasional, not habitual; it is unconscious, not wilful; it fails to disguise the force and freshness of his own genius; it is not greater than was that of SHELLEY, COLERIDGE, and many others at the same period of life; and like them he has but to go on, and it will drop off like an old sandal, from his own naked and vigorous foot; that of one who pursues Poetry as a Pilgrimage, and feels that "Life," even if a "fragment," should be a real, earnest and original one—the jagged splinter of an oak rent by lightning, and not the broken fraction of a mere bust or lay figure.

We quote three fine specimens of his Sonnetting vein. The first, though "All in Honour" is perhaps a little too luxurious in tone:

Last night my cheek was wetted with warm tears,
Each worth a world. They fell from eyes divine.
Last night a silken lip was pressed to mine,
And at its touch fled all the barren years.
And golden-couched on a bosom white,
Which came and went beneath me like a sea,
An Emperor I lay, in empire bright.
Lord of the beating heart! while tenderly
Love-words were glutting my love-greedy ears;
Kind Love, I thank thee for that happy night.
Richer this cheek for those warm tears of thine,
Than the vast midnight with its gleaming spheres:
Leander tolling through the midnight brine,
Kingdomless Antony were scarce my peers.

Like clouds or streams we wandered on at will,
Three glorious days, when, near our journey's end,
As down the moorland road we straight did wend,
To Wordsworth's "Inversneyd," talking to kill
The cold and cheerless drizzle in the air.
'Bove me I saw, at pointing of my friend,
An old fort, like a ghost upon the hill,
Stare in blank misery through the blinding rain;
So human like it seemed in its despair.
So stunned with grief, long gazed at it we twain,
Weary and damp we reached our poor abode,
I, warmly seated in the chimney nook,
Still saw that old fort on the moorland road,
Stare through the rain with strange woe-wildered look.

Beauty still walketh on the earth and air,
Our present sunsets are as rich in gold
As ere the Iliad's numbers were outrolled,
The roses of the spring are ever fair,
'Mong branches green still ring-doves coo and pair:
And the deep seas still foam their music old.
So if we are at all so vainly souled,
This Beauty will unlose our bonds of care,
'Tis pleasant when blue skies are o'er us bending,
Within old starry-gated Poesy,
To meet a soul set to no earthly tune,
Like thine sweet friend! O dearer thou to me
Than are the dewy tree, the sun, the moon,
Or noble music with a golden ending.

We have culled the previous extracts, and even the Sonnets, almost, at random, and could easily have multiplied them by dozens. But we proceed now to give some extracts from a separate poem of his entitled the "Page and the Lady," which we deem his finest artistic production.

The story of the Page and the Lady is simple—A lady of high birth and great beauty, hath an Indian Page, who falls in love with her, which love is betrayed in the course of a Conversation between them. The Conversation is the Poem. This confession she is at first disposed to treat with disdain, but ultimately she finds, by a very brief process of self-inquiry, that it is but the counterpart of a feeling towards him, which has long lurked in her own bosom. Let us take first the opening of the poem:

On balcony, all summer, roofed with vines,
A lady half-reclined amid the light,
Golden and green, soft showering through the leaves,
Silent she sate one half the silent noon;
At last she sank luxurious on her couch
Purple and golden-fringed like the sun's,
And stretch'd her white arms on the warm'd air,
As if to take some object where withal
To ease the empty aching of her heart.

She is weary, because, although she has plenty of rich and noble suitors she has none she can love; and exclaims—

O empty heart!
O palace! rich and purple-chambered,
When wilt thy Lord come home?

Then she bethinks herself in her weariness of her Page:

My cub of Ind.—
My sweetest plaything! He is bright and wild

As is a gleaming panther of the hills.
Lovely as lightning—beautiful as wild!
His sports and laughter are with fierceness edged,
As I were toying with a naked sword
Which starts within my veins the blood of Earls.
I fain would have the service of his voice,
To kill with music this most languid noon.

She summons him accordingly to her presence and bids him sing a battle song, or better still:

Some hungry lay of love,
Like that you sung me on the eve you told
How poor our English to your Indian darks,
Shaken from od'rous hills what tender smells
Pass like fine pulses through the mellow nights,
Your large round Moon, more beautiful than ours—
The showered stars—each hanging luminous,
Like golden dewdrops in the Indian air.

He sings, as she bids, a very sweet, love song. At the close—

Queenly the lady lay:
One white hand hidden in a golden shawl
Of ringlets, reeling down upon her couch,
And heaving on the heavings of her breast,
The while her thoughts rose in her eyes like stars,
Rising and setting in the blue of night.

Thus luxuriously rested, she begins to tell her Page of a rhyming cousin she had once. A strange person, truly!

He went to his grave, nor told what man he was;
He was unlanguage'd, like the earnest sea,
Which strives to gain an utterance on the shore;
But ne'er can shape unto the listening hills
The love it gathered in its awful age,
The crime for which 'tis lashed by cruel winds,
To shrieks and spoomings to the frightened stars,
The thought, pain, grief within its lab'ring breast.

Many strange things have been said about the sea. It has been called the "far resounding Main;" it has by an author of the day been boldly called "The Shadow and Mad Sister of the Earth." THOMSON figures it as the "melancholy Main;" and well may it be both mad and melancholy, for Mr. SMITH proclaims it a tongueless penitent, carrying in its bosom the memory of some Crime of Ages; lashed for its penance by the eternal winds; and yet unable to relieve itself by expressing its guilt, save in inarticulate shrieks, sobs, and "spoomings to the frightened stars." We think that we remember a similar thought in Mr. GILFILLAN's *Second Gallery of Portraits*, where he describes Mrs. SHELLEY, after her husband's death, wandering along the shore and asking vain questions at the sea, "which, like a dumb murderer, had done the deed, but was not able to utter the confession." Mr. SMITH, however, improves upon this by making the crime a profound, old and general one, worthy of those long and fearful moanings which, even in calm, never altogether subside, and which in storm seem to express a divine desperation, as of a whole Synod of Gods plunged into Tartarus, and feeling the virgin fires on their immortal limbs.

The Lady, in her turn, condescends to sing a song, and proceeds in various measure to recount the history and character of those who in vain had loved her. She asks him, then, if he thinks that the power of Beauty is so great as is usually supposed, and he, in very glowing terms, affirms that it is.

The lady dowered him with her richest look,
Her arch head half-aside, her liquid eyes
From 'neath their dim lids drooping, slumbrous
Stood full on his, and call'd the wild blood up
All in a tumult to his sun-kissed cheek,
As if it wished to see her beauty too.
Then asked in dulcet tones "Dost think me fair?"

We must omit his very eloquent reply, which is, of course, in the affirmative. She begins to suspect, from his language, that he has known by experience what love is. She asks him—

My lustrous Leopard, hast thou been in love?

What follows is admirable:

The Page's dark face flush'd the hue of wine
In crystal goblet, stricken by the sun,
His soul stood like a moon within his eyes,
Suddenly orb'd, his passionate voice was shook,
By trembles into music "Thee I love!"
"Thou!" and the lady with a cruel laugh
(Each silver throb went through him like a sword)
Flung herself back upon her fringed couch
From which she rose, upon him, like a queen,
She rose, and stabb'd him with her angry eyes.

We do not quote what she then says in words, unknowing her own heart; her laughter's "silver throbs" (what an exquisite expression!) had said it more eloquently before. Suffice it, she dismisses the crestfallen Page—

With arm sweep superb,
The light of scorn was cold within her eyes,
And wither'd his bloom'd heart, which like a rose
Had open'd timid to the noon of Love.

But mark now! After sitting alone for a season, she thus communes with her own soul, in a soliloquy worthy of any Poet or Dramatist:

It was my father's blood
That bore me, as a red and wrathful stream
Bears a shed leaf. I would recall my words,
And yet I would not.
Into what angry beauty rushed his face!
What lips! What splendid eyes! 'twas pitiful
To see such splendours ebb in utter woe.
His eyes half won me! Tush! I am a fool;
The blood that purples in these azure veins,
Rich'd with its long course thro' an hundred Earls,
Were soul'd and mudded if I stooped to him.
My father loves him for his free wild wit,
I for his beauty and sun-lighted eyes.
—To bring him to my feet, to lip my hand,
Had I it in my gift, I'd give the world—
Its panting fire—heart, diamonds, veins of gold,
Its rich strands, oceans, belts of cedar'd hills,
Whence summer smells are struck by all the winds.
But, whether I might lance him through the brain
With a proud look, or whether sternly k'll
Him with a single deadly word of scorn,
Or—whether—yield me up,
And sink all tears and weakness in his arms,
And strike him blind with a strong shock of joy—
Alas! I feel I could do each and all.
I will be kind when next he brings me flowers,
Plucked from the shining forehead of the morn,
Ere they have op'd their rich cores to the bee.
His wild heart with a ringlet will I chain,
And o'er him I will lean me like a heav'n,
And feed him with sweet looks and dew-soft words,
And beauty that might make a monarch pale;
And thrill him to the heart's core with a touch—
Smile him to Paradise at close of eve,
To hang upon my lip in silver dreams.

And thus is the story "left untold;" and yet what more is needed to tell us, that Love has triumphed over Rank, that the Lady has become the "Page" to the Page, and the Page the Lord to the Lady.

RELIGION.

The Communion of Saints. An Attempt to Illustrate the True Principles of Christian Union; in Eight Lectures, delivered before the University of Oxford (being the Bampton Lectures for 1851.) By HENRY BRISTOW WILSON, B.D., late Fellow of St. John's College, and Vicar of Great Staughton, Hunts. London: Hatchard.

THE Bampton Lectures are a series of Eight Discourses on Divinity, which, by the will of the Rev. JOHN BAMPTON, Canon of Salisbury, were directed to be delivered annually before the University of Oxford, at St. Mary's Church, by a lecturer to be chosen yearly by the Heads of Colleges only, and for the liberal reward of which certain lands and estates are given in trust for ever.

The subjects of these lectures are limited by the terms of the devise. They are to be either "to confirm and establish the Christian faith, and to confute all heretics and schismatics—upon the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures—upon the authority of the Writings of the Primitive Fathers, as to the Faith and Practice of the Primitive Church—upon the Divinity of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST—upon the Divinity of the Holy Ghost—upon the Articles of the Christian Faith, as comprehended in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds."

The sermons so preached are also directed to be printed.

Discourses thus endowed, thus famous by anticipation, thus looked for with interest by the most learned, and upon the whole the most accomplished, assembly in the world, would necessarily stimulate to its utmost powers the intellect of the preacher whose good fortune it is to be selected for the discharge of the honourable and profitable duty; and accordingly the series of Bampton Lectures contains as valuable a body of Divinity, composed by most of the ablest of our Churchmen, as any that our language can boast.

The usual character of these discourses accords with that which was probably the desire and intention of the munificent founder; they are distinguished for argument rather than for eloquence; they aim rather to convince than to persuade. Their very purpose, indeed, is to accumulate the evidences of our faith and the deductions from them; to carry it out by logical sequence to its practical applications; to build new buttresses against the solid foundations of our Church, and from year to year to grapple with and overthrow the enemies, open or secret, within or without, by which her goodly fabric may be assailed. It has been objected to Discourses on Divinity, perpetually continued, that they must be perpetual repetitions, because Divinity is from its very nature not a progressive science. But this is a fallacy. Our knowledge of the Deity and His laws may not, indeed, be capable of much expansion, but the applications of it to the ever-varying circumstances of a world that is ever changing, is a new task de-

valuing upon the defenders of the faith, and which will find them in occupation for many more than eight discourses in a year, if they rightly watch the infinite resources of the enemy, and arm themselves at all points to repel the assault wherever the blow may be levelled. This is the true mission of the Bampton Lectures: for this their founder is to be held in honour as a benefactor to his country, and the recipients of his bounty challenge the criticism of the public if they have creditably and usefully fulfilled his generous design.

No person can rise from the perusal of the Lectures for 1851, without acknowledging that religion is under obligation to Mr. WILSON for his performance of the trust reposed in him by the University of Oxford. He chose his theme from the last of the subjects prescribed—the Apostles' Creed, and treated of "the Communion of Saints," with a view to ascertain and exhibit what is meant by that phrase, and what are the true principles of Christian union.

It would be impossible, within the compass of such a notice as the pages of a journal could afford to any book, however able and interesting, to follow Mr. WILSON through his singularly learned argument, which we should only misrepresent were we to endeavour to abridge it; but we may observe, for the information of our readers, that the doctrine of the lecturer is neither what is termed High Church nor Low Church. He takes the middle path, maintaining moderate views of the constitution and powers of the Church. He combats vigorously the doctrines that had their origin in Oxford and still find there a cradle and a home, but without subscribing to anything which could be construed into virtual dissent. Not that he shrinks from any discussion, or evades any point, or seeks to conciliate any dissident; he takes a distinct position and maintains it unflinchingly, so that even they who differ from his views must respect the ability and firmness with which he puts them forth, and will be edified by the learning which, in his copious annotations, he brings to the support of his positions. Without attempting eloquence, the composition is singularly clear and forcible, dignified and earnest, as became his subject, his audience, and the occasion. Some passages will show this.

He thus comments on

ASCETICISM IN RELIGION.

With contemplative ascetics, inflictions of pain are prompted by an intention of depressing the corporeal part of our compound nature, in order to elevate the intellectual or spiritual; which method would be consistent with a Platonic theory, but hardly so with a really Christian doctrine, according to which the dignity of the body is so highly enhanced: nor yet would it accord with a true philosophical view; for it appears, as far as we have evidence, that the body, so far from being a clog or hindrance to the soul, is, in this world, the necessary instrument of all its energies and acts.

In respect, however, to moral asceticism, and to the question, whether inflictions of pain are to be considered of the nature of expiation and satisfaction; there is no proof, either from the reason of the thing, or from the declarations of scripture, when they are stripped of their figurative anthropopathic imagery, that human pain and suffering can in themselves make compensation, even in a secondary sense, for wickedness done; or that the Divine forgiveness is suspended upon the suffering by the sinner of a due penalty for his deeds.

And with respect to any purifying effect of pain upon the soul, it may have been supposed to have such effect, properly speaking and in itself, by those who were not capable of tracing the laws, through which it operates upon the moral nature. For under certain circumstances, and applied in a certain way, it tends to determine the will; especially by directing or diverting the attention, conduces to a true judgment, which is necessary to a right will.

Yet that pain is not the only and necessary or specific instrument in the medicinal moral treatment is evident from this consideration; that in some natures it has a tendency even to confirm vices, and to suggest obstinacy and rebellion. Besides, in many cases the employment rather of pleasures than pains may be effectual to the correction of the moral nature; and we learn even from pagan philosophy, that a vicious pleasure may be expelled, either by its cognate pain, or by an heterogeneous pleasure.

Pain can have no morally purifying effect, unless it be by reason of its adaptation to act ultimately on the will; if the will were non-existent, the pain or penalty could not purify. Pain suffered by a being incapable of will, a being merely sentient, could in no intelligible sense be said to purify him. It can only purify in a

moral sense one who is a moral being. And the purification of a moral being can only be such when it operates on the will, so as to determine it for the future, because the very essence of the moral being, including the idea of agency, consists in the will. The mere perception of consequences as unprofitable and to be regretted, the clearing even of the judgment, unless that which was before sought be now avoided, and that which before was avoided be now sought, implies no essential change in the moral nature.

The strong common sense that pervades and distinguishes these discourses will be seen in the following remarks upon

MORAL CULTIVATION.

Moral teachers, preachers, and spiritual directors, are quite agreed upon the utility of the maxim, that it is good to avoid occasion of sin. Parents and guardians are anxious, that those committed to their charge should not be placed in conditions of temptation above their powers. And each one learns from his own experience, that it is often wiser to avoid evil, than to be confident of ability to resist it. From modern statistics also, which have begun to embrace the domain of morals, at least to observe some phenomena of moral action, it is clear, that there is an average moral strength in man, as certainly as an average physical strength, as certainly as an average stature or an average weight. This average moral strength is found to be capable of resisting specific temptations of a certain feebleness, but not of resisting others of a greater vehemence. Now in the case of a child, of a pupil, or of one's self, one would anxiously take care, if the conditions were within his power, not to subject the human agent to circumstances probably beyond his strength; but in the case of other men more distant from us, or in the case of men in the mass, it does not seem that the same maxim has been sufficiently applied. And herein, besides the aimless and altogether personal end of many of the monastic institutions, lies one great fault in their constitution, that they have set up for the rule and standard of the many, the measure attainable only by the few. In the case of acquiring mechanical or intellectual facilities, we proceed from the less difficult to the more difficult. Such is the more promising process for the formation of the moral habit. The contrary method in morals would be as absurd, as to set the untrained and feeble boy to accomplish the work of a vigorous and practised man.

And therefore it becomes an end definitely to be aimed at by the Christian, as such, that he should assist in so ameliorating the conditions of his fellow-creatures, as to cut off from them those temptations and occasions wherein the average strength of men gives way; that he should distinctly propose to himself, as a precise labour and work, the smoothing away of some difficulties in their moral course. And let none fancy, that in proposing such works, as specifically Christian works, we are detracting from the honour due to Christian preaching. But let us bear in mind that Christianity, that is doctrinal Christianity, must find a moral nature before it can be received by it; let us be sure, that no doctrine, properly so called, can be effectually recognised and embraced, except by a nature sufficiently elevated. Anxiety and fear under a sense of sin, longing for and apprehension concerning a future life, without which there can be no embracing of the doctrines of redemption and of the resurrection, do themselves imply a certain sensitiveness and elevation of the moral nature; and we must not expect them to be produced by the enunciation of the very doctrines which are to furnish their satisfaction and supply their complement.

Repudiating the dogmas and the name of the "Christian Socialists," as they style themselves, the lecturer shows how

CHRISTIANITY SHOULD COUNTERACT SOCIALISM.

The Christian influence is thus capable of counteracting the tendencies to socialism in more ways than one. First, it occupies its theoretical ground by a counter theory, taken from a different point of view; from the point of view of duty, and not from that of rights: a theory more stable in itself, because the idea of duty is not so artificial as that of rights; more capable of practical application, involving no contradictions and impossibilities, if imagined to be universally applied.

Secondly, it anticipates socialism by operating directly to reduce those gross inequalities, to relieve those stern physical necessities, which serve as provocatives and occasions for the socialist doctrines.

Thirdly, it addresses itself to, and enlists a moral consent of a much wider range, than that to which socialism appeals. This latter appeals to the sense of urgent need in some, and to the indignation of others. And as long as those urgent needs exist alongside of most disproportionate wealth, luxuries, and self-indulgences, socialism will exert a certain degree of moral power; the active demands of some will be

seconded by the tacit consent of others, who are not immediately and obviously in danger of attack.

But when Christian self-denial, exertion, and labours, when *Christian opinion* shall succeed in reducing those morbid inequalities in our social condition, there will not only be diminished directly, many social dangers and many moral difficulties; but there will also be conciliated to the Christian society, gratitude on the part of some, with imitation on the part of others, approbation and admiration and a disposition to learn, on the part of all who are not utterly depraved.

Peace Papers for the People. By ELIHU BURRITT.
London: Gilpin.

JUST at this moment when a sort of war fever has been excited by the presence and speeches of the great orator of Hungary, these exhortations of a man of the people, addressed to them in their own homely language, may do good service. ELIHU preaches peace, not only as being *Christian*, but as being the surest means for the accomplishment of all reforms, and the attainment of liberty. Passive resistance is, indeed, the most certain method of combatting tyranny of all kinds, because tyranny requires excitement to maintain it; it must be entrenched behind bayonets and cannon, and these cannot be kept up for long without some passions to give them a seeming justification, and where there is no resistance there is no food for passion, and thus despotism dies for want of the food that sustains it. The advocates of war forget that violence always produces violence, and that when there is a conflict of force, the object of the contest is sure to be swallowed up and lost in the desire for mere victory; and then that a victory by force must be followed by repression by force; and that such a condition of society is incompatible with liberty. This is the explanation of the real despotism that now reigns in all countries where reform has been sought by violence. Where the reformers succeeded, as in France, force is required to keep down one party; and where despotism prevailed, to keep down the other. In both, liberty is equally destroyed.

The Order for the Visitation of the Sick, with a series of Supplemental Services, &c. By the Rev. ROBERT F. LAWRENCE, M.A., Vicar of Chalgrove, Oxon.
Oxford: Vincent.

THE purpose of this volume is stated in the preface. The 67th of the Canons of 1603 gives a discretion to preachers as to the use of the form of service for the visitation of the sick, and that service itself leaves some things to the discretion of those who use it. The consequence is, that the order is often entirely superseded, or not sufficiently filled up. Mr. LAWRENCE has now drawn up a series of forms, after the model of the authorized service, giving so much supplementary matter as seemed to him to be likely to conduce to the objects aimed at in the order, but strictly keeping himself within the limits that appear to have been assigned to themselves by its compilers. To this he has appended the Forms of the Communion of the Sick, and for the Ministration of Private Baptism of Children in Houses. It is very well done, in the true spirit of a churchman.

Scriptural Revision of the Liturgy. A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord J. Russell, M.P. By a Member of the Middle Temple. London: Groombridge.

THE author, in temperate language, states what he considers to be defects in the present form of the Liturgy, and especially in the baptismal service; and suggests alterations which he contends would be an improvement. This is a question upon which very broad differences of opinion exist, and those who think with the writer that alterations are desirable, will, doubtless, read his book with interest, as indicating to them the precise nature of those changes. We trust that the controversy will be always conducted in the same temperate tone.

The Ordinance of Baptism. By SEACOME ELLISON.
London: Simpkin and Co.

A DISCOURSE on Baptism, in which the author has displayed an extraordinary acquaintance with Scripture, having composed no small portion of these pages, of appropriate texts, strung together with more aptitude than is often found where there is an endeavour so to overload the original remarks of the writer. Mr. ELLISON has treated very fully of the sacred rite, as it was instituted by God, preached and administered by his servant JOHN, enforced by the LORD JESUS CHRIST, taught by his Apostles, and is required of all who are seeking for salvation "after the due order."

A few little books and pamphlets upon our table call for a notice that must be necessarily brief. The Rev. W. JACKSON, M.A., has published a series of tracts,

entitled *Stories and Catechisms in Illustration of the Collects*, written in a peculiarly homely and familiar style. The Rev. A. F. CAMPBELL discourses of *The Obedience of Christ*; and a collection of *Brief Thoughts*, by the Rev. H. BONAR, is a new edition, and therefore we may presume that they have been approved. CAPTAIN H. YOUNG has published some *Strictures on the Farewell Letter of the Rev. H. W. Wilberforce*, on his mission to Rome. A Parish Minister in Ireland has issued an eloquent appeal on the subject of national education there, entitled *The Alternative*, which we can commend to those who are interested in the question. It is a very interesting account of the system there pursued, and will be read with profit by those in England who are engaged in the work of education. Until we had seen the extracts here given from the school books employed, we were not aware how excellent they are—how superior to those commonly used in England. Mr. PICKERING has added to his Christian Classics the *Meditations of Bishop Hall*, and from the Rev. J. JACKSON, rector of St. James, Westminster, we have received the fifth edition of his Lent Sermons on *The Sinfulness of Little Sins*.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Familiar Letters on the Physics of the Earth. By HENRY BUFF. Edited by A. W. HOFFMAN, F.R.S. London: Taylor and Co.

SELDOM have we read so thoroughly popular a description of the Physical History of the Earth. The author has the rare faculty of making philosophy familiar to the uninitiated, as indeed it always might be, if it be a sound philosophy, for truth needs no veil of learned words, but is capable of being conveyed in the language of every-day life. It is the fault of our teachers but it is not always so. They have so imbued their minds with technicalities that they are unable to embody their ideas in any other dialect. Hence the paucity of books competent to convey the truths of science to the general reader. Here, however, is one that most effectually accomplishes that object, and we trust that the example will be followed, and that other branches of science will be treated in like manner by persons at once competent in knowledge and having the faculty of conveying that knowledge to others in the language rather of the reader than of the writer. We can promise a hearty welcome to such books, and ample reward for the enterprise, and we can recommend this volume as an example of the manner in which they should set themselves to the task. Equally can we commend it to the regards of our readers as an excellent aid in education.

Mark Seaworth; a Tale of the Indian Ocean. By WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON, Esq., Author of "Peter the Whaler," &c. London: Grant and Griffith.

THIS is one of a class of books of great service in Education, because they combine entertainment with instruction, and supply to young persons having a taste for reading, so much of excitement for the imagination as is not unwholesome, while conveying knowledge that is the more likely to be remembered, because of its association with a story, than when committed to the memory by rote. Mr. KINGSTON has sought in this tale to introduce the geography and natural history of the Islands in the Indian Ocean, with accurate descriptions of the manners and customs of the inhabitants, which are conveyed in the shape of imaginary adventures of one MARK SEAWORTH. He possesses the peculiar faculty for making such a narrative interesting, by telling it in a truthful manner, so that it reads more like the actual story told by a man of his own experience than a mere invention of the brain. This is the secret charm of *Robinson Crusoe*, and, wanting it, a tale of this class would not keep the attention awake. The presence of it in *Mark Seaworth* will secure its success.

Good in Every Thing, in the Early History of Gilbert Harland. By Mrs. BURWELL. London: Grant and Griffith.

Julian and his Playfellows. London: Grant and Griffith.

The Doll and her Friends; or Memoirs of the Lady Seraphina. By the Author of "Letters from Madras," &c. London: Grant and Griffith.

My Doll. Where its Dress came from. A Book for Little Girls. London: Mozley.

THE season for gift-books is approaching, and these make the earliest appeal to the pocket and taste of the intended present-maker. Their names indicate their contents. They have all a useful and moral tendency. The stories are well adapted to improve the minds of young children, as the volumes are calculated to attract their eyes, for the three first in the list are handsomely

bound in cloth, and illustrated with numerous engravings from the drawings of artists of no less renown than ABSOLON, HARLOT BROWN, and JOHN GILBERT. The importance of educating the taste of children by early accustoming them to good drawing, will be appreciated by those who remember what the illustrations of children's books were in their own young days. In nothing has improvement made itself more manifest than in this.

It is otherwise with the last in the list. The story is good, but the coloured wood-cut is execrable.

Stories of Scotland and its adjacent Islands. By Mrs. THOMAS GELDART LINDS. London: Hall and Co.

SOME of the most romantic stories of Scottish History, told in such a familiar way as to be intelligible to children, to whom it is a very nice reading book.

Dr. Robinson's Greek Lexicon to the New Testament. London: Bell.

THIS Lexicon contains every word in the New Testament, arranged in alphabetical order, and followed by a statement of their inflection, derivation, signification and construction, with a Parsing Index. It is a very laborious and learned compilation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Royal Family of England. By F. HAWLEY. London: Law.

REMARKS on the principle of the Royal Succession, with a Genealogical Account of the Royal Family, and Historical Sketches of the principal Characters. It is more curious than interesting. A great deal of labour has been expended upon it, more, perhaps, than the subject was worth. Nevertheless, it is creditable to the industry and learning of the author.

Dialect of South Lancashire, &c. By SAMUEL BAMFORD. London: J. R. Smith.

A NEW edition of the famous Tim Bobbin, with copious philological notes, and many additional specimens of the dialect of that province. An extensive glossary of provincial words occupies almost half the volume.

Views of Canada and the Colonies. By JAMES B. BROWN. Second Edition. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

THIS second edition of a work, of which we had occasion to speak in warm approval on its first appearance, has been much enlarged and improved. We can heartily recommend it, to all who contemplate emigration, as an instructive, sagacious, and, we believe, honest adviser in all matters they can most desire to know.

CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS.

As this really forms a distinct class of publications, specially got up for the occasion, and presenting some peculiar attractions, either of illustration or binding, it will be more convenient and more useful to our readers, who are contemplating purchases, to notice them in a separate department, although their subjects might appear properly to place them in some other division. We will notice them in the order in which they reach us. First there is:—

The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott. With a Memoir of the Author. Illustrated by Engravings. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

THIS exquisite volume comprises in a compact and convenient form, and without resorting to too minute a type, all the poetical works of Sir WALTER SCOTT, with a memoir. It is illustrated with many steel engravings and wood-cuts, and beautifully bound in green and gold, with gilded leaves. It will be a most acceptable prize or present. Booksellers may venture to place it upon their counter. It will be sure to sell.

The History of Palestine, from the Patriarchal Age to the Present Time. By JOHN KITTO, DD., F.S.A. Editor of "The Pictorial Bible," &c. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

WE have placed this among the Gift Books because it ought to be one, so profusely is it illustrated. Dr. KITTO is the Editor of the well-known *Pictorial Bible*, and in the preparation of that work he accumulated large stores of information, which he has turned to good account in the

composition of this History of Palestine, and which is, in fact, the History of the Bible. Some of our readers may remember a notice, some time since, of a *Pictorial History of Palestine* from the same pen. But the author assures us in his preface to this volume, that the present work is not even an abridgment of the former one, but an entirely new production, specially adapted to the use of schools, and for the reading of young persons, although we believe there are few of mature years who will not find great pleasure and profit in the perusal of it. Dr. KITTO has paid particular attention to the exposition of oriental customs, and the Archaeology of the Bible, and the latest discoveries of LAYARD and RAWLINSON have been embodied in this History.

The illustrations are very numerous and good. Often there are as many as two or three on a page, and they represent almost every object of sight which the writer has occasion to name. The uses of this sort of teaching through the eye will be recognised by all who have ever been engaged in the work of education. The season will not produce a more useful prize-book than this.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY. Guizot's *Moral Studies and Meditations*—German and English translations of Oersted's "Spirit in Nature." HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY: Weil's "History of the Caliphs"—Gutzlaff's "History of China"—German translations from Robespierre and Saint Just—Second edition (dedicated to Macaulay) of Stahl's "History of the Prussian Revolution"—F. von Raumer's "Lectures on Ancient History"—E. de Bonnechese's "History of the Four Conquests of England"—De La Guerrenière's *Sketch of the Count de Chambord*. VOYAGES AND TRAVELS: Kohl-Caccia's "Europe and America"—The Countess Hahn-Hahn. FICTION: Countess D'Orsay's new novel—Alexander Dumas the younger's "Ghosts." POETRY: Pierre Dupont's "Dark One"—Heinrich Heine's "Faust"—Kupper's Servian epic. THE DRAMA: Shakspeare at Copenhagen and Dresden—Rachel at Rome—George Sand—Jules Sandeau's "Marquis de la Seiglière," and Montcau's "Mignon."

GUIZOT the politician, is alas! like BACON, the chancellor, a very questionable character; but on the career of GUIZOT, the man of letters, as on that of BACON the philosopher, the eye rests with tranquil satisfaction. The friendly student of Guizot's writings gladly reverts from his proud and cold oratory in the Chamber of Deputies, from his bribery and corruption, when minister, of public functionaries, and from the dirty diplomacy of the "Spanish marriages" to the time when he was a proscribed Professor working at literature for his bread, spending laborious days in editing the excellent collections of historical memoirs which bear his name, while the presence of his amiable and gifted wife made his humble salon of an evening one of the pleasantest and most frequented in Paris. How many European minds owe to GUIZOT's clear and solid Lectures on the History of Civilization in France, their first sympathizing knowledge of mediæval Europe. On us English, Guizot the litterateur has peculiar claims; for he has done, what we ourselves have never done, collected into one instructive series all the English Memoirs relating to our Great Civil War of the seventeenth century; not to speak of his historical studies "Monk" and "Washington." Well! Guizot has returned to literature, his first love, and scarcely a month elapses that does not announce some new production from his pen. One day it is a new biographical study of some notable patriot of the English Commonwealth; another day it is a *rifacimento* of some of those early lectures which first gained him fame, like the lately published *Origines du Gouvernement Représentatif en Europe* ("Beginnings of Representative Government in Europe"); and now he announces a book in a new line, the reflective or philosophical, under the title of *Méditations et études morales* ("Moral Meditations and Studies"), of which a specimen essay on "The Immortality of the Soul" is printed in the current number of the *Revue de Paris*.

In what our grandfathers called "polite literature," the novel, the drama, the poem, the history, modern Scandinavia has not distinguished herself. Even the light trouble of learning Danish will scarcely be repaid by the perusal in the original of HOLBERG, OHNSCHLAGER, INGEMANN and HANS ANDERSEN; and in Sweden FREDERIK BREMER is the one swallow that does not make a

summer. How strange the vicissitudes of nations! The Scandinavian North, which was once rich beyond any other region of Europe in song and saga has now fallen silent, and a HANS ANDERSEN is thought a marvel! In science and philosophy, however, modern Scandinavia cuts a very respectable figure. LINNÆUS is old-fashioned now, but SWEDENBORG has disciples among men of mark who yield a credence to a prophetic authority claimed by him which far transcends that of any other recent philosopher. The name of BERZELIUS is a high one in chemistry, and that of OERSTED, the originator of electro-magnetism, stands equally high in physics. The scientific literature both of Germany and England is about to be enriched by a translation of his chief work "The Soul in Nature." COTTA, of Stuttgart and Tübingen is to publish the one, and Mr. BOHN, with his usual enterprise, the other. In point of experiment and accumulation of valuable facts, English science may challenge the world; but it is conducted in a sadly material and prosaic spirit, and much needs some corrective such as the introduction of the loftier scientific speculations of the Continent; though it will be long, we fear, before the latter tell. The *Vestiges of Creation* has run through innumerable editions, while OKEN's great work, lately published in an English translation by a Scientific Society, fell still-born from the press! And we suspect it has been the name and position of HUMBOLDT, more than anything else, that obtained so large a currency for his much overrated *Cosmos*.

The legislation of SOLON and LYCURGUS has long ago expired, and their country is now known chiefly as that in which DON PACIFICCO condescended to take up his residence. Neither does the inspiration which NUMA POMPILIUS derived from his Egeria, nor the laws of the Ten Tables, nor, indeed, any ancient legislation, except here and there the code of JUSTINIAN (and what is that to the code *Napoleon*?) exert any sensible influence on the world's affairs at the present day. Yet while our Universities and classical journals are full of disquisitions on these obsolete matters, the history and doctrine of MAHOMET, the founder of a religion and legislative system which govern and regulate at this hour the majority of the human race, find only here and there, and now and then, an expositor and commentator. Among the earliest of them in this country was SIMON OCKLEY, the Arabic Professor at Oxford, at the beginning of last century, whose rambling but entertaining *History of the Saracens* Mr. BOHN has lately reprinted in his cheap series. OCKLEY, however, as EMERSON has remarked, seemed always ashamed of his patronage of the "Arabian Impostor," and this feeling detracts much from the worth of his learned and lively book. Then came the French, and their estimate of MAHOMET most notably conveyed in VOLTAIRE's celebrated tragedy, where he was portrayed as an ambitious and lustful cheat. GOETHE in his autobiography and in his *West-östlicher Divan*, diffused among the Catholic and appreciative Germans a truer idea of the character and mission of the great Arab. In this country, the general notion conveyed in Biographical Dictionaries, and so forth, was coincident with that of VOLTAIRE's; and even Mr. ROEBUCK's clever memoir of MAHOMET in the volume of biographies published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge goes to the same old tune. At last came CARLYLE's noble lecture (in his series on "Hero Worship and Heroes"), which cleared the way for a better understanding of the Founder of Islam. Presently Mr. MONCKTON MILNES' *Palm Leaves* sang the beauty and worth that still resided in Mahometan arrangements. Next, a Mr. FORSTER, a clergyman of the Church of England, was daring enough to maintain that MAHOMET was really and truly what he called himself, "a Prophet of God." And finally, WASHINGTON IRVING in his *Life of Mahomet*, and *Lives of the Successors of Mahomet*, two very indifferent books, but pleasant and lively reading, did a kind of poetical justice to the memory of the prophet and his descendants. But by far the most solid and instructive of European works hitherto written on the subject is the *Life of Mahomet*, by Dr. WEIL, Professor of Oriental Languages and Librarian to the University of Heidelberg. And he now announces, as on the point of publication, a *Geschichte der Chalifen, nach handschriftlichen grösstentheils noch unbenützten Quellen* ("History of the Caliphs from manuscript, and hitherto, for the most part, unexplored Authorities"), which will no doubt be a worthy pendant to his laborious biography of MAHOMET.

England, it is generally understood, carried off the palm at the Great Exhibition of Industry; but would it go so favourably with her if there were summoned a Great Exhibition of Literature? Hindostan has been under her rule for half a century, yet how little does the cultivation of Hindoo Literature owe to English scholarship! With China, the relations of England have been more close than those of any other nation; and yet what do we English know of that remarkable empire? An occasional Journal of an Embassy, a poor compilation like that of Sir JOHN DAVIS, a novel or two translated from the French of REMUSAT, a stray volume got up for the Circulating Libraries by a literary lieutenant in the army or the navy; this is the sort of literature which Englishmen have produced in regard to the most remarkable empire on the face of the globe; while every feature of every district and every tribe of Algeria has been illustrated by the enthusiastic and government-encouraged diligence of the French. However, instead of grumbling over deficiencies, let us make the announcement that Dr. GUTZLAFF, the distinguished missionary to China, and whose death we lately chronicled, has left behind him a *Geschichte des Chinesischen Reichs von den ältesten Zeiten bis auf den Frieden von Nankin* ("History of the Chinese Empire from the earliest times to the Peace of Nankin"), which is about to appear (from COTTA's press) under the editorship of the well-known oriental scholar, K. F. NEUMANN.

The publication (a semi-historical fact,) of German translations of the speeches of those two terrible fellows, ROBESPIERRE and SAINT-JUST, leads us to make the apology which we owe to Herr ADOLPH STAHR, whom, in last Critic, apropos of his *Two Months in Paris*, we styled "a democratic-socialist." It would appear that we were wrong. STAHR has just published a second edition of his *Geschichte der Preussischen Revolution von 1848* ("History of the Prussian Revolution of 1848"), and dedicates it to MACAULAY, who, in return, writes to him: "I wish nothing better than that men who think like you may be able to hold the balance steady between both parties;" which, of course, MACAULAY would not have said had STAHR been what we represented him to be. By the way, while on Prussia, we must mention that FREDERICK VON RAUMER, the distinguished Prussian tourist, diplomatist, and historian, is about to deliver, at Berlin, a course of lectures on Ancient History to the "advanced" ladies of that free-thinking capital. Lastly, as regards new works on history, EMILE DE BONNECHORE, the author of a useful "History of France," has just brought out a *Histoire des Quatre Conquêtes de l'Angleterre* ("History of the Four Conquests of England," in which he goes into a quantity of ingenious speculation regarding that moot-point, the "fusion of races," and disposes most satisfactorily of the nonsense about Norman and Saxon, which such bitter writers as JOHN HAMPTON junior, delight to perpetuate.

In biography, the chief novelty is a German translation (which we shall, perhaps, notice more fully hereafter,) of the lately deceased Danish poet, OEHLENSCHLAGER's *Autobiographical Reminiscences*. OEHLENSCHLAGER has an old reputation in this country as the author of the fine art drama "Correggio," and of a still finer theatrical version of the Arabian Nights' tale, "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," both of which were introduced to the English public a quarter of a century ago in *Blackwood's Magazine*. During his lifetime, he published a portion of his autobiography, which was very interesting and unaffected; and we can predict a fair popularity to the now completed work. Scarcely biographical, but difficult to range under any other category, is the second of DE LA GUERONNIERE's *Portraits Politiques Contemporains* ("Portraits of Political Contemporaries,") an idealized personal sketch of that amiable nincompoop, the Count de CHAMBORD, alias Duke de BOURDEAUX, alias HENRY V. (by divine right) King of France: a sketch which, so flattering is it, has thrown the French legitimists into transports.

The Continentals are not behind us in voyaging and travelling; but, somehow or other, books of that sort are not nearly so plentiful yonder as here. The easiest way of accounting for this is to ascribe it to the fact that continental travellers generally find some magazine or newspaper ready to receive sketches of scenery and manners which have any freshness; and scarcely a number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* or the *Allgemeine Zeitung* makes its appearance without a contribution of that kind. Thus, the late French

embassy to Persia found a graphic chronicler in the *Revue*, and both Australia and England are being now depicted with German liveliness in the *Augsburg Zeitung*. However this may be, we have to announce that during the last fortnight, the locomotive KÖHL has not published a new book of travels; we must express a hope that in spite of this extraordinary inactivity he is alive and well. A Signor ANTONIO CACCIA, an Italian exile, sends from the free press of Leipzig, a book of practical and philosophic travel: *Europa ed America. Scene della Vita dal 1848 al 1850*, ("Europe and America. Scenes from Life in both hemispheres during the years 1848-50") which contains, beside a notice of California, a good many useful hints to travellers. Concerning two German Lady-Travel-writers, we have to report. 1st. That FRAU IDA PFLEFFER, the circumnavigator of the Globe, has found a translator in that clever lady and practised German scholar, Mrs. PERCY SINNETT who has clothed her in an English garb to take her place in the Messrs. LONGMANS' *Travelling Library*. And 2nd. That Mr. HAYWARD, the translator of *Faust*, has written to *The Morning Chronicle* to insist on the improbability that there is any truth in a paragraph which has been going the round of the papers, and which described the late convert to Catholicism, the fair and vagrant IDA, Countess VON HAHN-HAHN, as parading herself in the streets of Berlin in the guise of a haggard penitent, literally clad in sackcloth and ashes!

Everybody has heard of Count D'ORSAY, once the glass of London fashion, whom metropolitan tailors supplied gratis, too thankful if he would deign to put their garments on, and who, besides having been the King of Dandies, is said to be a right "good fellow," and is known to be a clever artist both with brush and chisel. When LOUIS NAPOLEON, the Prince-President of the French Republic, was an unfortunate adventurer-exile in this country, he and the Count were hand in glove; and now that his old friend is at the top of the tree, the Count and his lady have migrated to Paris to grace the festivities of the *Elysée*. The Paris papers have been making a fuss about what they call an unpublished letter of Lord Byron's which the Count has just presented to the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, equivalent to our "Library of the British Museum." From the French translation given of the letter in question, we see, however, that the original is a very old affair, and was long ago published in Moore's *Life of Byron*, being neither more nor less than the well-known note which his Lordship addressed, very many years ago, to the Count when returning, after a perusal, the latter's manuscript memoirs, of which BYRON spoke in the most complimentary terms, comparing them to GRAMMONT's. If Count D'ORSAY has continued them up to the present time, their publication will cause a famous splutter some day. Meanwhile, it is the Countess D'ORSAY who is gathering literary laurels, by a newly-published novel, *L'Ombre de Bonheur*, of which and of its authoress, JULES JANIN writes with the most gallant enthusiasm. But by far the most striking of French novels or of any novels recently published is the *Revenants* ("Ghosts") of ALEXANDRE DUMAS the younger, which exceeds in cleverness, ingenuity, and, let us add, absurdity, all the novels put together of his prolific parent himself. The heroes and heroines of the *Revenants* are those of three of the most celebrated tales of last century, GOETHE's *Werther*, BERNARDIN ST. PIERRE's *Paul and Virginia*, and the Abbé PREVOST's *Manon L'Escaut*. The book opens with a description of a visit paid by MUSTEL, a German Professor, to his old pupil BERNARDIN SAINT-PIERRE, now living at Paris in the sunshine of the fame procured to him by the publication of *Paul and Virginia*. To MUSTEL's great surprise, he hears from SAINT-PIERRE that Mr. PAUL and Mrs. VIRGINIA are not dead at all but living comfortably at Brunswick; and, as the worthy German seems incredulous, St. Pierre gives him a letter of introduction to the romantic couple, and off MUSTEL sets to pay them a visit. On his way to Brunswick, he dines at a certain inn, and has for chance companions a lady and a gentleman who call each other "Manon" and "Desgrieux" respectively. "What!" quoth MUSTEL, more and more bewildered, "you, the hero and the heroine of the Abbé Prevost's novel are not dead either: I must make your acquaintance." Which, accordingly, he does, they consenting. On comparing notes, it turns out that MANON and DESGRIEUX, who (prophudor!) are not married,

have no particular object in view, and on MUSTEL's proposition they consent to go with him to Brunswick and make the acquaintance of PAUL and VIRGINIA. To Brunswick forthwith they all repair, and the whole party is received most affectionately by PAUL and VIRGINIA, a most respectable, happy, fond, and charming married couple with several pledges of a mutual affection disporting about their knees. Meanwhile, MUSTEL makes a little journey a few miles off to see a Mr. GOETHE, who is living in that part, a young man of great talent but not known yet to the world. And whom should MUSTEL meet in the room along with the poet but WERTHER, who, poor fellow, has come to complain of CHARLOTTE's hard-heartedness? GOETHE takes to MUSTEL, but when the latter tells him of the intimacy between the two brace of heroes and heroines, the knowing poet shakes his head, and prophecies evil. And he is quite right, too; for the fickle DESGRIEUX feels a passion stirring within him for VIRGINIA, and MANON can scarcely conceal a growing penchant for PAUL; neither of the attachments being, of course, reciprocal. So one fine day, after sundry tiffs, MANON takes herself off, and DESGRIEUX shoots himself, just as WERTHER did in the novel. WERTHER, on the other hand, runs away with CHARLOTTE, and ALBERT, her husband, pursuing, she is first laid by the heels, and then shipped off to a penal settlement, whither WERTHER follows her to see her meet the catastrophe which befel MANON in the novel; and then he returns to Europe to tell MUSTEL the whole story. DESGRIEUX being decently buried, PAUL and VIRGINIA say to each other: "Let us go to the Mauritius, and revisit the haunts of our youth." So they take ship for that island, and safely land there. Rambling about, lo and behold! they come upon a tombstone with the inscription "Tomb of Virginia." "What's the meaning of this," says Virginia; and then they tell her of a young lady who met the precise death assigned by SAINT-PIERRE in his novel to VIRGINIA, and whose corpse being rather disfigured they thought must be that of nobody else than the chaste and pure VIRGINIA. Reader! it was MANON's. So that nobody meets with the fate assigned to him or her in the three novels afore-said, but everybody meets with everybody else's fate, in a manner very diverting and not a little perplexing to peruse. MUSTEL, of course, hears of the last marvellous stroke of destiny, and loses no time in letting GOETHE know of it, who rubs his hands and chuckles with diabolic glee to find his prophecies fulfilled. As the reader must have seen, the force of absurdity in the novel-way can no further go; and yet the narrative is so skilful and lively that when you lay down the work, you are tempted to exclaim: "I could have better spared a better book!" So much for the "Ghosts" raised by the literary necromancy of ALEXANDRE DUMAS the younger.

Poetry, after suffering a depression natural in a revolutionary time, is really beginning to look up a little. PIERRE DUPONT, the peasant poet and new French Burns, has on the anvil a poetical sketch of female character, to be entitled *La Brune* ("The Dark One"), by way of pendant to his *La Blonde* ("The Fair One"), whose melodious subtleties made such a sensation in Parisian literary circles. PIERRE, they say, is very much taken out and petted, especially by the rich English in Paris; but he bears it all with coolness, and returns home contentedly to his woods and his peasant wife. From Paris, too, there arrived, a few days after the publication of his *Romanzers* (mentioned in last CRITIC), another and most fantastic poem from the death-bed of HEINRICH HEINE:—*Der Doctor Faust; Ein Tanz-poem; nebst curiösen Berichten über Teufel, Hexen, und Dichtkunst* ("The Doctor Faustus: a Ballet-Poem; with curious notices of Devils, Witches, and Minstrelsy") in which all our old friends and foes, the *dramatis personæ* of past FAUSTS, are made *figurantes*, who come and trip it as they go, on the light fantastic toe! Will our fair readers believe it? the impudent HEINE has made the Evil One a lady—Mephistopheles is here Mephistophela! What next?

An intelligent and appreciative German—SIEGFRIED KUPFER, has been attracted by the fine simplicities and interests of the popular poetry of Servia, and has woven together, out of the lays which commemorate the ACHILLES—ULYSSES—HERCULES—LEONIDAS of Servia—*Lazar, der Serbenzar. Ein Helden-gedicht* ("Lazar; the Czar of the Serbs. A Heroic poem") which is known to us only by report. Among the earliest announcers of the beauty of the Servian

popular poetry, was CAROLINE JAKOB, the daughter of the well-known German Professor, and now for many years married to the American Dr. ROBINSON, the author of *Biblical Researches in Palestine*. This lady (a translation of whose *History of the Colonization of America* we lately reviewed) published, five-and-twenty years ago, some translated specimens of Servian song, which quite took captive the heart of old GOETHE, whose praises introduced them to the notice of educated Europe. Other Germans, and even some Frenchmen, followed in the same direction; and our own BOWRING's *Specimens of Servian Poetry*, is probably familiar to many readers. With the growing importance of the Slavonian tribes, a new interest attaches to their copious literature; and to any enterprising young *litterateur*, in quest of an unexplored field of research, we would recommend the poetry, recent and ancient, of the Slavonic races.

In the department of the drama, we have to record new triumphs and conquests of SHAKSPEARE. RACHEL is at Rome, declaiming CORNEILLE to enthusiastic but slender audiences. SHAKSPEARE's *Hamlet*, on the contrary, has been drawing crowds to the Royal Theatre at Copenhagen, and the *Comedy of Errors* has been equally successful at Dresden. GEORGE SAND, who seems to be growing tired of novel writing, has a new play on the stocks for the Paris stage; where two pieces have lately had a striking success—JULES SANDEAU's *Marquis de la Seiglière*, a comedy in four acts, and in prose; and GASTON DE MONTEAU's *Mignon*, a drama, in two acts. SANDEAU has a fair celebrity as a clever and inoffensive novelist, and the triumph at the *Theatre Français* of his *Marquis de la Seiglière* has given general satisfaction. The interest of the play turns upon the character of the Marquis, a careless old nobleman of the old régime, who, at the Restoration, finds his estates legally unrecoverable from their rustic occupant, one STAMPLI. The Marquis, however, has an enchanting daughter, the rustic has a gallant and manly son, and—the reader guesses the rest. DE MONTEAU's *Mignon* was produced at the *Variétés*, and is, of course, taken from GOETHE's *Meister*. On the French stage, however, a poetical justice is dealt to MIGNON, which is denied her in the novel. She saves MEISTER from the snares of the artful PHILINA, and the piece closes with her happy marriage to him.

Arthur Görgei, *Obercommandant der Ungarischen Armee; ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Ungarischen Revolution*. Von J. C. HORN. [Arthur Georgy, *Commander-in-Chief of the Hungarian Army; an Extract from the History of the Hungarian Revolution*. By J. C. HORN.] Leipzig: Friedrich Ludwig Herbig.

WRITTEN by a participator in the scenes of the Hungarian revolution, sharing in the general indignation which was naturally aroused by the unexpected treachery of the Dictator of a day, the volume before us nevertheless contains considerable information, conveyed in a plain and impartial manner. The details refer principally to the movements of the troops under GEORGY's command, to the evidences of his personal ambition from the commencement to the close of his career, and to the fierce and fatal rivalry existing between him and KOSSUTH.

The author positively affirms, but for the perfidious conduct of this general, Hungary would not have fallen.

Ask the first Hungarian you meet, magnate or peasant, honved or member of the diet, nobleman or labourer, and you will receive for answer, "Hungary could only have been overcome by treachery, had all the strength of absolutism united in one band against her: she would never have been subdued but for the act of a single traitor." The renewal of the conflict may not be far distant, and there are many chances of a far different result. Europe now knows the price at which the Czar furnished his armies. He has conquered Hungary and prostrated Austria by the same blow. "Hungary lies at the feet of your Majesty," wrote the Prince of Warsaw to his master. As far as our geographical knowledge extends, Austria lies—near Hungary.

ARTHUR GEORGY was a Hungarian, but of German extraction. He descended from a noble but not wealthy family, and was born at Topertz, February 5th, 1818. Two of his three brothers served in the Hungarian army—HERMAN held the rank of major, and STEPHEN of captain. In recompence for their brother's treachery, they were subsequently sent as privates to fight in

Italy the battle of the Austrian government. GEORGY's mother was a woman of courageous spirit, and she reared her sons to struggle hardily against danger and difficulty. From an early age they were exposed, thinly clad, to every variety of temperature, and many instances are recorded of GEORGY's invulnerable strength in this respect.

When pursuing his chemical studies at Prague, two of his colleagues occupied with him the same apartment. One stormy winter's night the young men were contrasting the comfortable warmth within their chamber and the bleak desolation that reigned without. Georgy looked from the window upon the white bed below, complained that the room was close, wrapped his cloak round him, stepped out upon the terrace, and slept in the snow till morning.

His mother died in December, 1828, and his father in the year 1834. GEORGY's talents during his preliminary education had already excited notice and he greatly distinguished himself when, shortly after completing his 14th year, he commenced his military studies at the school at Tulno. There, in two years, he completed the course which usually employs three, and obtained the warm approbation and recommendation of the professors. He afterwards entered the Hungarian Guards at Vienna, and after five years service, became lieutenant in the Palatine Hussars. His fellow officers belonged to wealthy houses, and not without jealousy at his superior talents, affected to treat him with a certain contempt. He quitted the army in disgust when upon the point of receiving his promotion as captain of cavalry.

GEORGY had now to make new choice of a profession, he accordingly proceeded to Prague and applied himself to chemistry; he speedily excelled in this science also: his object was to obtain a professorship as means of existence, and not long before the outburst of the Revolution he was writing for LIEBIG's journal upon some of the properties of cocoa-nut oil. At the commencement of the insurrection he departed for Pesth, offered his services to KOSSUTH, and was accepted.

The extraordinary talents of Georgy had often led to a comparison between him and Napoleon. He possessed also the worst features of Napoleon's character. His own will was the sole law he acknowledged, and men he only regarded as the instruments of his advancement; his heart was chilled with the frost of scepticism, he had no faith in the influence of any noble sentiment, and regarded the enthusiasm of the people as childish folly, or calculating egotism.

As an example of his peculiar temperament it is related—

At Prague he paid his addresses to a young lady who rejected his offer of affection after having for a long time induced him to believe his suit would have had a different termination. To prove his philosophy upon the subject, Georgy immediately afterwards married the lady's governess.

October, the month so important in the fate of Hungary, approached; Austria had carried on by means of Jellachich a war of intrigue, but now the mask was thrown aside and the true conflict begun. Georgy struck the decisive blow by causing the death of Count Zichy. He was an obscure major in Perczel's army when he arose to celebrity and the confidence of the people by an act which at once cut off all prospect of reconciliation with the Austrian Government, and condemned to the punishment of a traitor, one of the most influential magnates.

GEORGY continued with PERCZEL's army in the South, and was conspicuous in that battle in which 10,000 of the enemy under the Generals ROTH and PHILIPPOVICH were taken prisoners.

He displayed in an equal degree, upon this occasion, his spirit of insubordination and military genius. Perczel had confided to him his plan of operation, Georgy openly expressed disapprobation, and declared that he should not consider himself fettered by his commander's arrangements. Perczel's fiery temperament was aroused, and he threatened to have his rebellious officer shot if he disobeyed orders. Georgy made no reply to this menace, but on the day of battle followed his own inspirations, and materially contributed to its success. Perczel regretted his hasty rebuke, and endeavoured to pacify the haughty Major; he presented him with some valuable arms which Georgy gave to his servant. From that period a deadly hatred was established between these two proud men, never truly extinguished during the revolution.

After the unfortunate battle of Schwechat, KOSSUTH appointed GEORGY to the command of the Upper Hungarian army in place of General MOGA, who was accused of incapacity, and even

suspected of connivance with the enemy. The system, singular in its adoption by a young general, of avoiding engagement and retreating from position to position, was now pursued. GEORGY's bulletin, after his first battle, thus concluded:

Our task completed, we returned back to Raab.

The return after a successful engagement was frequently recorded in GEORGY's bulletins; the phrase "Gyoztunk es visszavontunk" (we have conquered and gone back) grew proverbial in Budapest. It was suggested that to be beaten and advance seemed almost preferable, and GEORGY was dignified by the title of Marshal Backwards. Doubts were already expressed with regard to the propriety of having placed him in a post of implicit confidence, and his ill feeling towards Perczel was not without injurious influence over his movements.

DEMBINSKI had been brought from Paris by Count LADISLAUS TELEKI, under express condition that he was to be entrusted with the chief command.

During the war GEORGY had exhibited great talent, but he had not effected any important object. Consequently he could not justly complain of Dembinski's promotion; but he beheld it with bitterness, and for the first time blamed Kossuth's proceedings. The 14th of February, on parade, he informed his troops of the choice which had been made, and exhorted them to follow his example, not to resent the undeserved slight put upon himself, but to yield obedience to the Polish general. The troops who loved GEORGY listened with the full spirit of discontent which he intended to excite; and many advantages were lost on different occasions through GEORGY's determination to thwart Dembinski.

After the battle of Kapolna, GEORGY succeeded DEMBINSKI as commander in chief, and the latter was named chief of the General's Staff; his ambition was now gratified, and he devoted himself body and soul to the interests of the revolution. Two important victories from the 20th of March to the 24th of April, gave Comorn to the Hungarians.

On the 26th GEORGY issued a proclamation to his army. The tone evidently came from the heart. The brilliant victories, the joy of the nation, had melted the ice of his disposition. Yet he retained the clear judgment of a statesman, and considered the struggle not ended, but begun. The proclamation was as follows:—
"Companions in arms.—A month has scarcely flown since we stood beyond the Theiss, and doubtfully contemplated our future.

"Who would then have believed that in the course of a month we should have crossed the Danube, and freed great part of our fair land from the yoke of the perfidious dynasty?

"Our bravest men, with all true confidence in the holy cause, had not so much as dared to hope it.

"But the ardour of patriotism inspired our hearts, and your courage rallied against the enemy as the might of millions.

"You have conquered, twice successively, conquered, and you must again conquer.

"Remember this when you resume the battle.

"Many amongst us believe that our future is already won. Do not be deceived; this war will not be confined to Hungary and Austria. It will become a European war. A combat of the natural and most sacred rights of mankind against the universal tyranny. And in this war the people will never be vanquished.

"Remember this when you resume the battle."

The entire proclamation is too long for extract, it is, however, earnest and eloquent, and the exhortation to remember, which occurs at the end of every sentence, produces a singular and rather impressive effect.

Kossuth's first capital political error, was the declaration of independence on the 14th of April. After the battle of Godollo, April 7th, Kossuth asked GEORGY, whether, in the event of declaring the independence of Hungary, the support of the army could be depended upon.

It would be absurd, answered GEORGY, to suppose, because we have defeated the enemy in two engagements, that we have conquered Austria and secured Europe.

The second capital political error committed by Kossuth, was the order to attack Ofen. GEORGY openly murmured. Through this strategic error, he said, all is lost:—but the command was positive; the decision as it is commonly known, was enforced by the female Camarilla who surrounded the President Governor. The ladies Kossuth, Messleny, Guyon and company desired to hold their state in the royal castle of Ofen, which at all risks must be obtained.

GEORGY summoned the General Major and commander of the fortress, HENTZI, to surrender. The last words of HENTZI's reply, were,—

"I hold the place, as bound in duty and honour, so long as a single man remains." He kept his word. He fell in the storming of the fortress, and would have left the memory of a noble soldier but for the motiveless and useless bombardment of Pesth.

After the departure of the Imperialists from Pesth, HENTZI had remained quiet at Ofen, without offering hostilities; but when GEORGY attacked Ofen, he bombarded Pesth, an act of vandalism, which inspired GEORGY with the deepest indignation. We extract his account of this second great bombardment in the night of the 13th of May.

"Hentzi, commander of the fortress of Ofen, last night executed his menace in the most terrible manner.

"By repeated and well-directed firing against the noble frontage of the Danube, he succeeded in kindling the flames in several places at the same time. Assisted by a violent wind, the conflagration rapidly spread, and reduced our beautiful capital to ashes. The sight was fearful! A sea of flame rolled over the whole scene, and through waves of smoke the burning shells fell with hideous report in the unfortunate city.

"The pen is too feeble to describe this spectacle in its terrible reality.

"It seems to me as if that vast sea of flame were a torch to kindle the funeral pile of the Austrian dynasty. For if throughout the land one man retained a feeling of attachment for this perfidious dynasty, the atrocious deed must root it up for ever.

"I deplore, from my heart, the destruction of the capital. I was unable to prevent this cruel deed of the enemy. I will strive, with all my energies, to take the fortress, and regard it as my more sacred duty to free the capital from this inhuman foe."

He performed his promise. On the morning of the 21st of May, after a hard fought and sanguinary contest, the Hungarian tricolour floated from the last entrenchment of the Austrians, the Royal Castle, and the Sandor Palace. "And now," cried GEORGY, "Eljen a houvél!" His bulletin on this occasion consisted of three words:—Hurrah! Buda! GEORGY.

On the 14th of April, KOSSUTH named a new ministry, and created GEORGY Minister of War. After the conquest of Ofen, the General entered upon his official duties, but, chiefly occupied in the camp, these were far from effectively performed. His principal work was a Protest against the Russian Intervention. But GEORGY's accession of power threatened the maintenance of KOSSUTH's authority.

The governor feared, yet dared not set a dam against the general's ambition. Kossuth had the passion but not the energy for a revolution.

In the last days of June and first of July, the rivalry between Kossuth and GEORGY became not only the state but the universal secret. GEORGY desired to play Napoleon in Hungary, nor was the idea altogether displeasing to the patriotic party; for it was now apparent that not glowing eloquence alone but energy and military talent were requisite to save the country.

For the past three months no decisive step had been taken, and the enemy was gaining time and strength; the general confidence in the government was shaken.

Nor was Kossuth entirely exempt from unpopularity, his proceedings against Austria in the summer of 1848 were urged against him by the radical press. He was not personally named, but Szemere, his right hand, his minister, his creature, was constantly reproached for incapacity and inertness. "The universally respected President Governor," was "ill," "suffering," he could not be held responsible for his minister's failures; he was surrounded by a "Camarilla," and so on. The work of the opposition press was easy; instead of new articles they reprinted Kossuth's old ones, and placed underneath the motto, "Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur!" Szemere, exasperated, was driven to a double and most imprudent step. He confiscated the organ of the liberal party, *The Marcziusi tizenöt-dike* (15th of March), and sent its editor, Albert Palfry, the talented journalist, and oldest advocate for an independent republic, a prisoner to Segedin. At the same time, in his own journal, *The Republika*, he complained that Kossuth was guilty of a fault in confiding to one person the chief command of the army and the war ministry. Never in a constitutional government before had a minister condemned the conduct of the head without tendering his resignation.

But Kossuth still possessed the affection of the mass of the people who believed in him as the soul, and GEORGY as the arm, of the Revolution. Behind Kossuth stood also the ministry, the diet, and the officials, who must share his fortunes or his fall. Behind him stood also a host of generals who were GEORGY's rivals, repre-

sented by General Maurice Perczel, his personal enemy. This was the state of affairs between the two Revolutionists, who ought to have suspended their private animosities till the public fate was decided. Their true thought was no longer,—the fatherland before all,—but, let ambition make its way though fatherland and freedom fall together.

The author enters into a detail of intrigues carried on.

On the 2nd of July, Kossuth struck the final stroke. GEORGY was at Comorn; there had been an engagement, and victory appeared doubtful. The hussars wavered, GEORGY placed himself at their head, exclaiming, "Do not fear, the enemies' balls will now be only aimed at me." The example did its work, and GEORGY's personal courage ensured that victory. It cost him dearer, however, for he was carried to his quarters wounded in the head. The balsam for his wound reached him the same evening—the news that he was no longer either Minister of War or Commander-in-Chief. His plan of revenge was determined that night. GEORGY's crime was black and hideous, but Kossuth is not free from blame. Kossuth's last bulletin recorded the issue of the battle, and acknowledged the service GEORGY had rendered—rendered at the price of his own blood—and at the very moment he struck the blow to sink his rival. Kossuth's weakness does not excuse GEORGY's crime, but we believe had the latter then succeeded in seizing the Dictatorship, Hungary would not have perished.

It was the Governor's desire to concentrate the army, and had that plan been accomplished, no doubt victory would have resulted, for our forces, 180,000 soldiers and a numerous landsturm, were not much inferior to the enemy's in number, and in courage had been already tried. GEORGY prevented the concentration. Aulich was now Minister of War, Dembinski Commander-in-Chief. Kossuth wrote repeated letters, urging Bem to take the chief command. Bem was employed in Wallachia. In a word, no one knew who was to command or who was to obey.

On the 11th of July, the patriots entertained the Governor with a serenade. He returned thanks from a balcony, in a brilliant speech, which won the heart of his auditors; but through the exquisite harmony of his style clashed the discord of his hatred to GEORGY. He said, "The fatherland before all. Should a man be found perfidious enough to prefer his personal interest to the general welfare, I would strangle him before your eyes—with my own hands I would tear his heart from his body and trample it in the dust."

This passed for a general denunciation only, and on the 28th of July, 1849, he wrote to GEORGY in the most friendly manner. He declares, "I think with you Dembinski has forgotten everything, and Messaros only sees with Dembinski's eyes." To terminate disputes, he proposed not to appoint a new Commander-in-Chief, but himself to assume that responsibility. GEORGY did not believe in the sincerity of this proposal, but suspected his intention of gaining time till Bem returned.

Kossuth's subsequent attempts at reconciliation failed, and eventually, overcome by increasing difficulties, the government resigned. August 11, 1849, GEORGY attained the highest point of his ambition, he became Dictator: but it was too late.

On the evening of the same day he wrote to the Russian General Rudier, and on the 14th he unconditionally delivered up his army, 24,000 strong, with 144 cannon, into the Russian power. The emotions of that army when the act of treachery was made known, may be felt, but not described. GEORGY's next act was to write to the Hungarian Generals and advise them to follow his example. Those who did so paid for their error with their lives. Klapka at Comorn received a letter breathing sentiments of pure patriotism—he did not follow the advice it contained and thus preserved himself and comrades.

Of the general and staff officers confided by GEORGY to the "generosity of the Czar," or in other words given up to the scaffold, twelve fell in one day, October 6th. These were the Generals Becsy, Aulich, Torok, Lahner, Piltzenberg, Joseph Nagy-Sandor, Knezics, Leinigen, Damjanics, Kiss, Deasewfy, and Lazar; they perished by the hand of Haynau's executioners, but their murderer was Arthur GEORGY.

And GEORGY, the victim to his own ambition, suspected, watched, held doubly as a traitor by those who reap the fruit of his treachery, sooner or later the time must arrive when he too will expiate the waste of so much Magyar blood upon an Austrian scaffold.

We have been liberal in extracts from this work because the subject just now engages attention. The various letters, proclamations and other documents referred to, are contained in Mr. HORN's volume.

Travels in Wadey. Voyage au Ouadey. Par le Cheykh, MOHAMMED IBN OMAR EL TOUNSI, traduit de l'Arabe, par le Dr. PERRON et M. JOMARD. Paris: Benjamin Duprat. 1851. Pp. 756.

EL TOUNSI is already favourably known as the author of *Travels in Dâr-Four*, both performed in the early part of the century, but now first translated from the Arabic text into French, by Dr. PERRON, of the School of Medicine at Cairo, with introduction and notes by M. JOMARD, of the Institute. We, at the outset, have no hesitation in declaring this book to be one of the most interesting, fascinating, and valuable works about Africa which has appeared for many years. The information it contains is most welcome and novel, the ground trodden is almost virgin, and the manners described are singular and peculiar.

Central Africa has always been a land curious and mysteriously attractive to the traveller, and the present state of a part of Northern Africa and of Eastern Soudan make the publication of the *Voyage au Ouadey*, undertaken some years back by EL TOUNSI, Sheikh and Ulema of Cairo, most opportune. We owe to this work almost exclusively our knowledge of this great kingdom, previously existing only for us in vague allusions. BURKHARDT mentions it, BROWNE, HORNEMANN, SEETZEN, LYONS, DENHAM, allude to it, but there ended our acquaintance with one of the most extensive of organized Black Monarchies, and with a country possessing peculiar commercial advantages. For many ages past, Dâr-Four had brought to Egypt its goods, its merchandise, its slaves, and carried on a remunerating trade. Wadey was too far distant to compete, especially as Dâr-Wadey was always at war with Dâr-Four. The French expedition in 1798 changed the face of affairs. Driven out of Egypt, the Mamlooks went up to Nubia, and then to Dongolah, and would have established themselves had not ambition brought them back to Egypt. Again repulsed, they took refuge in Kordofan and Dâr-Four. An Egyptian army was then established in Kordofan, which was almost a declaration of war with Dâr-Four. The trade of Dâr-Four fell off, and then began commercial relations between Wadey and Fez, then Tripoli and Benghazi; caravans were established; ten new roads were discovered and tried, and the Mediterranean, and consequently Europe, received, for the first time, merchandise from Wadey by a direct road, without an intermediary.

Dâr-Wadey, the history of which is singularly fascinating in the recital of EL TOUNSI, is, we have said, little known, as will be seen by the following from JOMARD's introduction:

I have said some few words relative to the time when Ouadey began to be known in Europe; I will add some new facts. A young Orientalist, Profer Rouszée, who went, in 1816, to Senegal, to penetrate thence into central Africa, by a road analogous to that followed by Mungo Park, addressed to me an itinerary from Seropolis to Mecca. The road passed through Bornou, Kouba, Baguirmèh, Wadai, Dâr-Four, Kordofan Senâi, northern Abyssinia, and the port of Massaua; this road, which crosses Africa from side to side, from west to east, is that which has been followed since Islamism penetrated into Senegambia, and the Western Africans have begun pilgrimages to Mecca. Seetzen knew Ouadey under the name of Szeléh or Mobba, while Burkhardt says the country has three names, Bargou, Dâr-Wadai and Dâr-Saleyh. . . . Adrian Balbi says the name of Wadey was given to this kingdom by the people of Fez and the Sahara, but the inhabitants themselves call it Dâr-Szaleyh, while the Bornouans call it Bergou; the true name, according to the learned geographer, is Mobba. Hugh Murray, in his geographical Encyclopædia, designates the country as Bergou, also called Saley, Waday, and Mobba. According to Burkhardt, there are three different names for the country, Ouadey, by the people of Bornou, Tey, and the Mogrebeers; Borge by the people of Dâr-Four and Kordofan; Saley by the people of Wadey.

It is clear that EL TOUNSI considers Saley to be the indigenous name; but for an elucidation of these points we refer our readers to the work itself, as well as for very interesting, learned, and important views relative to the geography of Central Africa, to be found in the introduction and preface of MESSRS. JOMARD and PERRON. We prefer introducing the Sheikh to our readers:

After my father had quitted Dâr-Four I remained there seven years and some months; and during the whole time I visited many places, reposing in shady groves, wandering everywhere, mingling with the inhabitants, running now to the countries of the East

and West, now to the Sayd, or the countries where blow the winds of the North, according to the words of the poet:

"One day at Hozona and one day at Akyk; at Ozeib one day, and one day at Kholeyah."

Such is the opening of EL TOUNSI's travels. After his many wanderings, he settled down in his village, attending to agricultural affairs, when his father sent for him to join him in Wadey, to go to Tunis. But the Sultan of Dâr-Wadey was at war with Dâr-Tamah, a dependency of Dâr-Four, and MOHAMMED FADHL, of Dâr-Four, would allow no one to cross the frontier. Sadly EL TOUNSI tells the story of his captivity; but at last he escaped, and reached the frontier.

We had been travelling (he says) about a quarter of an hour, when suddenly we saw coming straight towards us a troop of cavaliers, armed to the teeth, with long pointed lances and javelins. They threw their javelins; we stopped. "Peace! peace!" we cried, "We are simple travellers, your guests." "Do not move," said they, "remain there and wait until we have sent for the gereines."

They remained as told, and were only admitted after long formalities. At length, however, they were allowed to pass, and EL TOUNSI, though his father had departed, was well received by the Sultan. The Sheikh begins at once to relate the whole history of Wadey, with that of the Sultans Saleih and Sabouan, which, however deeply interesting, full of exciting narrative and anecdote, we pass over to reach the even more fascinating description of the country, its manners, productions, and peculiarities. We advise the reader by no means, when the work is before him, to imitate our example. He will find in the progress, revolutions, and history of Wadey ample matter for reflection and observation. But our space is limited. The opening description of Dâr-Wadey must excite a desire in many to visit this black Paradise. But let them not too hurriedly decide; there is a wrong side to the medal:

The sovereign and the people of the Soudân regard as one of the most astonishing and memorable events in the history of this country, the establishment of the kingdom of the descendants of Seléh, or kingdom of Wadey. This country seems a row in the midst of other flowers, or, rather, a great flower-bed where wander rivers, so free has Providence been with its liberties. On all sides pure and limpid waters, with silvery currents, and gardens where flowers bud and shine as in the pupil of the eye. On the borders of these waters, the arak weaves its bows into thick hedges, where the nightingale sings, rejoices the heart and charms the soul. Wadey is wider than Dâr-Four, but not so long; its soil is more generous; there is the same difference as between to-day and yesterday, between the sun and the moon, between a garden and a desert, between Paradise and the great fire. There are, it is true, in Dâr-Four some places where the soil approaches, in quality, that of Wadey; but the greatest part of Dâr-Four is a sandy soil, dry, or nearly without water. The Dâr-Fourians who inhabit these deserts are small, thin, and yellow; they are, as it were always thirsty; they are obliged to keep on strict rations of water, as if they were in a ship lost upon the waters, which knows not where it is, where is the earth, where is the sky.

But in Wadey we everywhere see running streams, nearly everywhere the trees are green, and you hear the song of birds. From the province of Sabat in the East to the river which runs to the extreme limit of the kingdom to the West, you need never take water with you. * * * Wadey is very rich in population, except in a very few places. * * * Compared to Wadey, Dâr-Four is a ruined country.

The enthusiastic Sheikh declares that whoso should deery Wadey would be—

Like the legitimate women of a harem, companions of a beautiful concubine, and who, in their jealousy and bitter hatred, say to her face that she is ugly.

Warah, the capital, is a large town surrounded by mountains, and approachable only by two narrow gorges, one to be defended by ten, the other by two, men. The soil is excellent, which is not the case at Tendeltz, the capital of Dâr-Four. At Warah they have solid houses of masonry. The nation is divided into numerous tribes, varying in intensity of black, and very different in character; their language is fine, but then they have a kind of civilization. Their system of government, of a royal harem, of guards, viziers, &c., is very Oriental, and yet presents numerous differences, which we may but note by the way. The rule of the Sultan is despotic, and reposes on the number and force of his guards and executioners. EL TOUNSI devotes a whole

chapter to the atrocious punishments of these Mohammedan negroes, nearly all taken from the Koran, such as beheading, slicing in pieces, hanging, impaling, burning, burying alive, crushing to death in a mortar, putting in a tub full of nails, drowning, strangling, poisoning, slow death, &c. Two extracts will satisfy the reader:

CRUSHING TO DEATH.

The Tahrys or crushing, as executed at Tunis, was another kind of punishment in use. The criminal is tied, and put in a great mortar with four large pestles, such as they use in Cairo to grind coffee. Four men then work the pestles until the body of the criminal is crushed and reduced to paste. There is another punishment which is a refinement of cruelty; it was invented by Yezyd, Sultan of Moorzakich. I am told that a Jew, having angered this prince, he swore to kill him by a mode of punishment which had never before been devised. He consulted his courtiers, and each gave his opinion. Little satisfied with their propositions, Yezyd reflected some minutes, and, breaking silence, he asked for a great cask with the head knocked out, and called for a carpenter, whom he ordered to bring a quantity of long nails. From the indications of Yezyd, the carpenter nailed the nails from the outside to the inside, all round the cask, in long lines, so that the inside was like the back of a hedgehog. The Jew was brought tied, and put in the cask, the end of which was then carefully fastened up. Yezyd then ordered the cask to be rolled about for some time. It was then opened, and the Jew was found cut up to mince-meat.

After relating the details of numerous other punishments, EL TOUNSI gives a more curious and agreeable paragraph:

The most singular detention is that of the *khatt-ah-line*. This is how it is managed. You say to the person who is to be subjected to the *khatt*, "The Sultan detains you here;" that is to say, in the place where you meet the individual. He stops at once and remains still, without bond, without guard or watchers. He remains there until his deliverance be ordered. The *khatt* is prescribed for slight faults, and above all for debtors. Thus, when a creditor has several times met his debtor, and asked him for his debt, and he puts off the payment, the creditor may, at his discretion, arrest his man on the spot, make him sit down, and then, with the point of a lance, he traces on the ground a circular line around the debtor, saying, "By God and his prophet! by the Sultan and the mother of the Sultan! by the *tana* supports of the state, you may not leave this circle until you have paid your debt." The debtor is obliged to remain *inclosed*, and, setting down in his *khatt*, until some one intercedes with his creditor, and that he consents to deliver his prisoner. If the creditor remains inflexible and inexorable, the *detenu* remains in his *khatt* until he has paid his debtor. If, breaking the *consigne*, he leaves the line, and that the creditor complains to the Sultan, if he has traced a *khatt* round an individual, whose debt he cannot prove, he is rigorously punished. None draw the line then, without proofs in hand.

The details given by EL TOUNSI as to the commerce and trade of Wadey and Dâr-Four are most interesting—of the vast variety of glass beads, of women's ornaments, of bracelets, coral, &c., of copper worth its weight in gold; but we can but give a few lines about

SALT.

The Zéy à dyeh, the Areigat, the Zaghawah bring salt from the well of Zaghawy. Without this the Forians would absolutely want it wholly. In Dâr-Four salt is much sought after. It is still more so in Dâr-Salah, Fangaran and Raunah. With the Forians, the measure of salt, when it is in small quantity, sells for twenty measures of *doukh* *Cyperium typhoides* of which they make bread. The salt of Mydaub is specially reserved for the viziers and great men of the country. The salt of Zaghawy is the worst that ever was met with in the world; it is mixed with a considerable quantity of earth. Thus the people of the easy classes, before they use this salt, throw it into water, let it melt, and then decant the water after the earth has fallen to the bottom of the vase; then they evaporate the liquid and the salt remains clean. If the Forians saw salt like that of Rossetta or Tunis, they would fight amongst them for its possession. In certain localities of Mount Marrah, they have the *falgo* salt. It is prepared in long fragments which serve as money in the markets. It results that in Dâr-Four, &c., there are three kinds of salt, the commonest, the most abundant, and the worst is the Zaghawy; the best and the rarest is that of Mydaub; the half-and-half is the *falgo*. In general, there are none but rich people who can procure this salt. The poor salt nearly all their food with water in which they have washed ashes; they throw the ashes into a vase which they have riddled with holes; they pour in water which filters through. This water, called

hambo, is the salt of the poor. I have tasted it; it is of a bitter insipidity, sickening and disgusting. As for the *falgo*, many persons who have seen it extracted, have told me that it is taken from a peculiar earth, which the mountaineers collect in certain localities of their mountains. They throw the earth into large vases and pour water largely over it. * * * they take this water, pour it into other vases, in the bottom of which are several conical holes, which serve as moulds, and the liquid wholly evaporates.

The people, it will be seen, are miserable enough. EL TOUNSI, with all his admiration for the system of government in Wadey, must let out certain facts:

Moreover, the poor are in the most wretched state of misery and nakedness. Without ceasing they suffer from the tyranny of their governors: on them falls all the exigencies of war, all public services. Their life is a life of slaves.

Naturally enough, the Sultan is powerful, magnificent, has a splendid palace, numerous guards, a large harem, and there is a complicated oligarchy, the *momo'*, the *aguid'*, the *emyn'*, the *kannah'*, the *turguenaks*, the *monlook-el-jebals*, and a host of other agents of the Sultan, who is a despot of the purest water.

The respect and veneration of the Wadayans for their Sultan is almost adoration. * * * What they have mediocre and ordinary they reserve for themselves, what is best must be for the Sultan: rich clothes, ornaments of price, are for him and his wives. No vizier, no grandee, however high his function or his rank, even the next to the sovereign, has any right to wear silk on his clothes or the harness of his horses. He cannot even have a saddle covered with cloth, much less can he have a gilded saddle, or one bordered with gold or silver, nor even gilded or silver spurs. * * * None but he can sit on carpets, even inside a house. No Wadayan, man or woman, can wear any jewellery of gold, nor use any fan. The jewellery, bracelets, *brasieres*, collars, &c., of women, emirs, and viziers, are only of silver. * * * If any one transgressed this sumptuary law, and tried to wear anything more rich than is allowable, he would be put to death. * * * The gloomy severity of power, and the servile respect of the subjects for the sovereign, is such, that no one must praise any one in the presence of Wadayans. No one, according to them, must be praised but the Sultan; none other must be cited for his generosity or moral qualities. The governor is so suspicious that no one may have the same name as him. When the new sovereign assumes supreme authority, and that, for example, his name is Saleh, all individuals of that name must change it at once. * * * Near Warah there were the wells of Sabouan; when Sabouan became Sultan they were called the well of Ochar.

The water which the Sultan drinks is never allowed to be taken twice from the same place. The water-carriers of the palace appear suddenly, when they are least expected, near one of the groups of wells which surround Warah, putting to flight with whips all near at hand; then all surround a well, fill their *cruches*, keeping everybody at a distance during the operation. Whoever would dare to approach would be severely beat. The reason of this proceeding, and of these precautions, is to prevent some evil-intentioned person from bewitching or poisoning the particular well from which water should be regularly taken.

In addition to this, all persons pass through seven doors to obtain an audience, leaving one garment at every door, and standing at last naked before the Black Monarch, who is behind a veil. The administrative part of the government appears rather good.

But we cannot, despite the deep interest of this work, afford to linger too long over its pages. We must pass by the amusing anecdotal chapter about the Sultan and his subjects; about the dress and the ornaments of the people; about music; about the women, their unchastity and infidelity; about the army and military tactics; about horses, a most singularly interesting chapter; and that relative to the slave-huntstsi il more so; with the author's personal adventures, a most fascinating narrative; to tell one of the Sheikh's capital stories. The book is full of them.

THE STORY OF THE AFRYT.

The Wadayans, who exaggerate audacity and savage pride, are called *afryts*, or devils. Before the reign of Sultan Mohammed-Abd-el-Kerym-Sabonan, the *afryts* became redoubtable; so that after the setting of the sun, murders and robberies commenced round the well of Sabonan. * * * As soon as an *afryt* falls in love with a woman, he prohibits any other pretender from approaching her. Whoever dares to make love to the mistress of an *afryt* is killed. The *afryt* marries

his beauty in the face of all opposition. I have heard a story of an *afryt* who declared himself the exclusive lover of a young girl who detested him. The *afryt* was passionately attached. Every evening he went to see her, and when he found any one there, he killed him. From terror and alarm all abandoned the young girl. All her sisters ceased to present themselves. The *afryt* talked of marriage—the father consented—but the girl refused. He remained a long time unmarried; no one dared to claim her, even to speak to her. She began to reach the age after which women never marry; still she obstinately refused to marry the *afryt*.

One day she went to market to make some purchases, when her beauty struck an unknown, who became suddenly in love with her. He was a man of courage and heart; danger—death—nothing alarmed him. Love animated and excited him; he followed the young girl, waited until she had made her purchases, and until she was out of the market. Then he accosted her, asked leave to go and see her, offered her his love, and was full of protestations of devotion and tenderness. "My God," said she, "I think you charming; and, in truth, I feel for you as much love as you do for me, if not more; but, as the proverb says, there is an obstacle which prevents the ass from leaping." "How is that? Are you married?" "Oh, no!" "What prevents you then?" "What prevents me; one of those insolent *afryts*, who prohibits any one from thinking of me, he brutalises all who address me." "Then why does he not marry you?" "I do not love him; I won't have him." "Is he a relation?" "My God! No!" "Then fear nothing, I will get rid of him, please God." "You are mistaken, my dear friend, you are mistaken; you cannot rid me of the cage in which I am imprisoned; nevertheless, in the name of God, don't think I am a coward, I am not afraid of my *afryt*, it is for you I am frightened; you seem to be a man of heart and resolution, but my *afryt* is a savage—a brute; if he lays hands on you, he will assassinate you." "Fear not; show me only your dwelling, and you see, I hope, all end to your satisfaction."

The girl pointed out her dwelling. As soon as night fell in, our man went to the house of the unknown; he sat down near her, and they conversed in all honour. Soon in came the *afryt*. He had learned that a rival was to visit his beauty. He entered and found the stranger seated with his leg across that of the young girl. She tried at once to escape, and leave the rivals to settle their dispute. But the stranger pressed his leg tightly over that of the young girl, kept her in her place, and continued the conversation, without paying any attention to the *afryt*. The *afryt*, astonished, came and stood in front of them, and said to the unknown, "who allowed you to enter here." The unknown did not deign to reply: a new question—the same indifference: third demand, and yet no answer.

The furious *afryt* drew forth his Kerdawy cutlass, stabbed at his rival, stuck it in his thigh, right through to the leg of the young girl, who endeavoured to free herself from its point in vain. The *afryt* then drew out his cutlass, and, stupefied at the phlegm and coolness of his adversary, put it in its sheath, and prepared to retreat. The unknown then, however, rose, caught him by his dress, and gave a hard pull. The dress tore in two; a piece remained in the hands of the stranger, the other on the body of his enemy, who tried to escape and seek safety in flight. His rival then gave him a kick in the small of the back with his wounded leg, which threw him on his face. The *afryt*, his nose and forehead bleeding, remained motionless, afraid to move; and when he had slightly recovered himself, found his rival ready to kill him. "Leave me my life," said the vanquished man; "may God leave you yours." "Beg our pardon; swear on your life that you will never come near this girl again, and I pardon you; if not, I kill you on the spot." The *afryt* submitted and swore all they asked of him. The stranger then seized the *afryt* by the ears, and dragged him like a sheep to the feet of the young girl. She remained sitting, awaiting the issue of the conflict. The stranger then put the *afryt* before the young girl, and told her that he had sworn not to present himself in her presence any more. "Will he be faithful to his oath," said she. "Yes," replied the *afryt*. "Let him go," said the girl to the stranger; "if ever he reappears here, treat him as you will." The *afryt* was set free, and he went away shaking off the dust of death. The liberator of the girl then married her, and remained with her until the day of her death.

In conclusion, we have to remark that Wadey is well worthy of the notice of commercial men. If once, by the intervention of government, life could be guaranteed there, it is, from its fertility, climate, and numerous population, admirably suited as a central port whence to branch off in the great work of civilising Africa. It can already be reached from Tunis, &c., and by the Nile. Politicians, commercial men, ethnologists, the

friends of Christianity, will find ample materials for a study in this country, and hence in this volume.

MEDICINE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

BY CELSUS.

I. NEW BOOKS.

SIR GEORGE BALLINGALL, Regius Professor of Military Surgery in the University of Edinburgh, has published in a quarto form, (Maclachlan, Edinburgh, pp. 19), some sensible and seasonable *Observations on the Site and Construction of Hospitals*. Certain ventilating committees of our metropolitan institutions might consult this work with advantage to their own credit, and to the finances of the bodies whom they represent. Currents of air, pumped in at great expense, and driven about often to the discomfort and danger of the patients, are not in favour with Sir GEORGE. He says:—"I believe that wards of the moderate size which I have recommended, are quite capable of being sufficiently heated by open fires, and I am not singular in the opinion, that this is the most eligible plan of doing so. In a letter from Dr. DRUMMOND, of the Melville Hospital at Chatham, which I have not seen for several years, he observes:—"You may recollect that we have certain wards warmed by a current of heated air. I do not feel quite sure as to the advantage derived from them, and the men do not like them. The air never feels so pure, and the wards are never so sweet, as those heated by the common fire." This, it will be observed, is an opinion offered by a very intelligent and experienced surgeon of the navy, without its being elicited by any question of mine, or any knowledge of my sentiments. I heard a very strong opinion to the same effect, expressed a few days ago, by one of the intelligent attendants of the Edinburgh Lunatic Asylum; who, in reply to questions put to him by Dr. SKAE, in my presence, stated distinctly and unhesitatingly, that he considered those dormitories the freshest and sweetest which were heated in the common way, by open fireplaces." (p. 15.) Lofty ceilings are much enforced; and the stagnant atmosphere caused by the quadrangular form of building is pointed out. Buildings, after long use by the sick, are always unfavourable to health. The frightful mortality following operations in the hospitals of London and all large towns, is not due to bad operating, or bad attendance; but seems, in a great measure, to depend on the building itself. After the opening of University College Hospital, "the rate of mortality after amputation did not exceed one in twenty." Buildings of a temporary character, built, like London Houses, to last only for a certain number of years, are suggested in place of our Hospital Palaces. No doubt a great saving of life might thus be effected; and the knife of the surgeon might then be used on the poor, with as little risk in a London hospital, as in a rural cottage. Replastering and whitewashing ought, in all old hospitals, to be frequently had recourse to. The *Hospital Villages of Iron*, proposed some years ago by Professor SIMPSON (*Edinburgh Monthly Journal*), are worthy of a trial. They could, at all times, be thoroughly cleansed, and be transported from place to place. The rebuilding would not involve destruction, and, comparatively, a small expense. At present, some decided reform is required; for hospital mortality is too heavy. Suburban sick-houses, would, probably, soon reduce almost to zero those deaths after operations which result from purulent deposits, erysipelas, and hospital gangrene. Puerperal diseases would likewise exhibit a less formidable mortality table. Sir GEORGE BALLINGALL deserves hearty thanks for his exertions in improving the hygienic condition of the army, by his past and present labours; and most of that he has here laid before the public, is available for the improvement of civil, as well as of military hospitals. There is appended to the work, a valuable bibliography of the subject.—Sir BENJAMIN C. BRODIE has collected and republished, with some additions from *The Philosophical Transactions*, his valuable *Physiological Researches*, in an octavo volume of 146 pages: (Longmans, 1851.)—Dr. HERBERT DAVIES, on *The Physical Diagnosis of the Heart and Lungs*, pp. 288: (London: Churchill, 1851.) This volume consists of Lectures originally delivered at the Royal Infirmary for Diseases of the Chest; and afterwards, in part, published in *The Lancet*. It is intended as a concise manual of Auscultation and Percus-

sion for students; and, as a means of directing the attention of the profession to the peculiar tenets of SKODA of Vienna, and of his school.—Dr. COTTON, of the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, has reprinted from *The Medical Gazette*, in a small volume (pp. 97, Churchill, 1851), six lectures on phthisis, under the title of *Phthisis and the Stethoscope*. The book is concise, and practical.

—Dr. TOMAS DE CORRAL Y OXA, at the conclusion of the Madrid medical session for 1850, delivered some lectures, in which he very ably exposed the absurdities of homœopathy. They are now published, (pp. 258, Madrid, 1850), in a volume, entitled *La Homœopatía ó Farmacología Analogo-Infinitesimal, ante el Critico, y el Sentido Común*. He shows that, in the *Organon* of HAHNEMANN, there are neither order nor method, but only a jumble of nonsense and bold assertions. Some years ago, homœopathy had a great run in Madrid and other cities of Spain; but, in that country, the delusion is now past its zenith. In most places of its native land—Germany—it has been long ago supplanted by newer systems; though in Vienna it still flourishes.—*Bradshaw's Companion to the Continent*, edited by EDWIN LEE, (W. J. Adams, London: pp. 408.)—This is a good handbook for invalids going to the Continent; as it gives an account of the climate, and remedial resources of the chief places of resort.—Dr. EDWARDS CRISP, on *The Morbid Condition of the Bile and Gall Bladder*: (H. Teape and Son, pp. 18, London, 1851.) Speaking of the prevention of the formation of biliary calculi, Dr. CRISP says:—"A diet consisting chiefly of vegetable matter and fruits, with the avoidance of malt beverage, are the chief prophylactic means. It is difficult to persuade patients who have been accustomed to good living to adopt this regimen, but if fully carried out, I believe it will generally be found beneficial. Stomach and liver complications may exist, which will require a different treatment; but I speak of those cases of gall-stones, which appear to depend chiefly upon a sluggish liver, and stagnant and fatty bile."—Dr. WILLIAM WOOD on *The Plea of Insanity, and the Management of Criminal Lunatics*. (pp. 70: Churchill, London, 1851.) The Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity requires a thorough reformation; and the views advocated in this pamphlet tend to this consummation. The author very properly objects altogether to the term "criminal lunatics," and proposes that the persons so called should be lodged in a state asylum in distinct classes, such as insane "convicts," and "state patients." He remarks:—"All classes of what are called criminal lunatics have a right to the best means of treatment, and the adoption of such arrangements as afford them the best prospect of restoration to reason; but, in rendering them this act of justice, there is no necessity to huddle together all the very different classes, without any regard to their previous position in society, the nature of their offence, the degree of moral guilt properly attaching to them, or the amount of mental disturbance under which they labour. The law as interpreted by the judges, namely, that an offender even under the influence of insane delusion, was still punishable according to the nature of the crime committed, if he knew at the time of committing such crime that he was acting contrary to law, has been shown to be totally inapplicable, and as a rule, has not been acted upon; for it has been obvious, in many cases, that the accused was morally irresponsible, by reason of mental infirmity, though still sufficiently rational to know that he was acting contrary to law. And the same observation will apply to the great majority of insane persons who are continually impelled to the commission of various unreasonable, mischievous, and violent acts, although perfectly conscious that they are doing wrong."

II. CHIT-CHAT AND DISCOVERIES.

NEW METHOD OF PREPARING POWDERS FOR USE IN MEDICINE.—A simple and often, probably, an excellent and available method is recommended by a German apothecary, WITKE of Erfurt, by which the bulk of the dose of a substance in powder may be exceedingly reduced. It is admitted, that the active properties of very many medicinal substances are best extracted by alcohol, and that these properties, therefore, are to be found in tinctures; but the quantity of spirit in the dose of a tincture, often renders that form of administration inadmissible. WITKE, therefore, mixes tincture of hellebore, cinchona, &c., with an equal quantity of sugar, evaporates to dryness, and powders the residuum. In this manner, he succeeds in concentrating in a

small bulk, the active portion of a very large quantity of the drug. He prescribes the preparation as *saccharized cinchona*, &c. These saccharine powders bear some analogy to conserves, from which, however, they differ in being free from mucilage, vegetable albumen, and other inert matters.—**HOMŒOPATHY AND THE MEDICO-CHIRURGICAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.**—On the 19th of November—the first meeting of the session—the following motion was made by Professor SYME, seconded by Professor SIMPSON, and carried unanimously: "That the public profession of homœopathy shall be held to disqualify for being admitted or remaining a member of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Edinburgh." There were no speeches except those of the mover and seconder. Above sixty members were present. Dr. RUSSELL, a practitioner of homœopathy, resigned his seat, before the motion was put.—**MILITARY LUNATIC ASYLUMS.**—Five years ago, Dr. L. ROBERTSON was appointed to do duty as Assistant Physician to the Military Lunatic Asylum at Yarmouth; his rank in Her Majesty's service being, I presume, that of an Assistant Surgeon. It appears that Dr. ROBERTSON resigned a permanent appointment at the Cumberland Asylum, on going to Yarmouth; his impression then being, that he was not to be shifted about from place to place, and made to do the general routine duty of an army surgeon. He has, however, been ordered for regimental duty: and not choosing to perform it, he has thrown up his commission; and has, upon public grounds, published his correspondence on the subject, with the Deputy Secretary at War. There can be no doubt of the gross impropriety of committing the charge of military lunatics to an ever-changing and inexperienced staff; and if this really be the system pursued, humanity is indebted to Dr. ROBERTSON for exposing it, and demanding the adoption of a more reasonable plan. Along with the correspondence referred to, Dr. ROBERTSON has published a short statement in *The Provincial Medical and Surgical Journal*, from which we take the following statement: "In 1849, Dr. SILLERY, retiring on half-pay, resigned his commission, in consequence of his being ordered for foreign service. The charge of the asylum over which he had for seven years so ably presided, (remodelling it entirely during that period), was then given to Mr. CUMMING, an old officer who had served in the American war, but who had never been within a lunatic asylum, and was quite ignorant of the subject, both theoretically and practically. This occurred, although representations of Dr. ROBERTSON's fitness for the charge were made to Sir J. McGRIGOR, then head of the Medical Department, by (amongst others) two leading members of the Lunacy Commission.—**LOCAL ANÆSTHESIA PRODUCED BY COLD.**—Dr. JAMES ARNOTT proposes cold as a means of producing temporary insensibility during operations. Two pounds of pounded ice and one pound of common salt are mixed and applied to the part, in a bag of stout calico attached to a ring. The intensity of the cold for the time annihilates the sensibility of the part. It will require further experience to show whether the effects of reaction are harmless.

—**GODFREY'S CORDIAL.**—Mr. P. D. WARD suggests in *The Pharmaceutical Journal* of November, the necessity of introducing into the Pharmacopœia a formula for this death-dealing compound, upon the plea that at present its strength is dangerously different in different shops. He says: "Godfrey's Cordial, though perhaps not extensively used in the metropolis, is nevertheless largely consumed in our provincial towns, a gentleman of my acquaintance having had a sale for as much as half a hundred weight per month. In two formulas which I saw casually brought together, the other day, there was a difference in strength of eight times, one containing half a grain of opium in the fluid ounce, and the other four grains. Now, if a child accustomed to take GODFREY'S cordial of the first-quoted strength, were to have substituted in lieu of it, some of the other, through the circumstance of the purchaser having gone to a different shop, it is evident that the consequences would be disastrous."—A College formula for mixing laudanum and treacle to stupefy children! The idea is monstrous. Opium ought never to be given to infants, except under medical advice, and as a medicine demanded by some special and inevitable necessity. In place of giving druggists additional facilities for concocting, prescribing, and retailing noxious wares, the College ought to use its influence with the Legislature and the public to

check the present wanton hardihood of drug-retailing and counter-practice.

III. MEDICAL SOCIETIES.

ROYAL MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL.—On the 11th November, Dr. BARCLAY communicated a *Statistical Report upon Cases of Disease of the Heart occurring in St. George's Hospital, especially in relation to Rheumatism and Albuminaria*. The paper was possessed of great value; but it does not admit of a brief analysis. Some discussion arose as to those endocardial murmurs which are heard in cases of rheumatism, without any deposit in the valves being found in dissection. The author was inclined to attribute these sounds to functional causes. Dr. C. J. B. WILLIAMS remarked, that he could not suppose a murmur to exist in the heart without some physical cause. We must be well satisfied as to the manner in which the examination was made. He had known, in the early periods of rheumatism, an endocardial murmur, which after a time ceased. He had attributed the presence of this sound to rheumatic inflammation of some part of the lining membrane at the root of the artery, by which the action of the valves was interfered with. This might be removed, and no trace of disease left behind; just as in patients who had been cured of rheumatism, and in whom no trace of the disease might be discoverable.

MEDICAL SOCIETY.—On the 8th November, Mr. GAY read a paper on the *Treatment of Diseased Joints by Incisions*. There is great danger in opening a healthy joint; but there is no danger in cutting into a diseased joint. The incision ought to be free, and in a dependent position. Mr. HANCOCK stated, that he agreed with the opinions of Mr. GAY; and that he had frequently laid open the elbow and shoulder joints.

EPIDEMIOLOGICAL.—On the 3rd November, a paper was read by Mr. W. H. GARDNER, on *Small Pox and Vaccination*. The author is in favour of re-vaccination, especially in children from hot climates. Lately, during his attendance upon a family who had just arrived from Calcutta, he suggested to the parent the propriety of her children being re-vaccinated. She did not think it necessary, as they had all been vaccinated in India with perfect success; but nevertheless consented to a repetition of the operation. The children were four in number; the oldest was eleven, and the youngest three. In the second, and in the youngest, the appearance of the arms was as if vaccination had not been previously performed; and, in the other two, "it took well for re-vaccination." What does this mean? Mr. GARDNER establishes the contagious nature of small-pox.—Dr. BABINGTON, the President, has issued invitations to the members of the Epidemiological Society, as well as to numerous other members of the profession, to attend a *conversazione* at his residence, on the 6th December.

CELSUS.

MUSIC.

Companion to the Psalm and Hymn Book. By GEORGE FORBES. London: Boosey.

THIS little book contains a selection of the best well-known Tunes, with some excellent additions from other sources. There are in all fifty-nine tunes of every variety of metre, twenty-eight single and double chants, and four responses, two of great beauty by Miss LODER and Dr. STEGGALL being, we believe, peculiar to this work.

If this little book, so portable and convenient for the pocket, were brought into general use in all our churches, as the editor suggests, we are confident that a great improvement would be effected in that part of our church service, hitherto too much neglected. In intention and application it is Congregational, and if the clergy will assist in its circulation by giving out the page of the tune with the psalm, the musical portion of the congregation (a large portion in the present age) will be enabled to give much effect to the harmony of the tune.

We may also add, that the arrangement of the tunes rendering them equally effective for the pianoforte, organ, or any number of voices, this book will be as much in place in the drawing-room as in the church; and that it may reach everybody's hands, and be found everywhere, the publishers seem to have determined, if we may judge by the excellent typography, clear notes, and elegant appearance which they have produced, at a most moderate price.

Musical and Dramatic Chit Chat.

THE Society of British Musicians has held its first

Chamber Concert for the season. The fifth of December is the day fixed for the performance of Haydn's "Seasons" by the Sacred Harmonic Society. The version about to be used seems to be Professor Taylor's. —M. Billett has been added to M. Jullien's list of solo players. Mrs. A. Newton has succeeded to Miss Dolby as singer. —A new association has been formed with the name of the Orchestral Society, for the public performance of works of the highest class of orchestral music, especially for new, untried, and comparatively unknown compositions. —A French version of *The Midsummer Night's Dream* of Shakspeare is being performed at the Opera Comique, Mdlle. Ugalde taking the principal part of *Elizabeth*. —The amateur company of the Guild of Literature and Art commenced their performances in the provinces on Monday, the 17th ult., with Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's comedy of *Not so Bad as we Seem; or, Many Sides to a Character*, before a crowded and fashionable audience, at the Assembly-rooms, Bath. The cast was the same as at Devonshire-house, the performers being Mr. Frank Stone, A.R.A., Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Robert Bell, Mr. Augustus Egg, A.R.A., Mr. Dudley Costello, Mr. John Forster, Mr. Peter Cunningham, Mr. Douglas Jerrold, Mr. R. H. Horne, Mr. Charles Knight, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. Popham, Mr. Wilkie Collins, &c. The comedy was very well played, and the making-up of all the different characters was excellent. The farce of *Mr. Nightingale's Diary* followed. The performance was repeated on Wednesday at Bristol, the theatre, with all its appurtenances and appointments, having been removed by Mr. Sloman, and fitted up in the Victoria-rooms. Notwithstanding that the theatre occupied a considerable space, there were seats for upwards of twelve hundred people. Every one of these was taken; and so rapidly were they disposed of, that the amateurs were solicited to give a second performance in Bristol. To do this was extremely inconvenient to several of them, owing to literary engagements; but they consented. Everything went off on Wednesday evening with acclamation. —Mr. Bunn has taken possession of the working portions of Drury-lane Theatre, for the purpose of at once proceeding vigorously to work with his preparations for the winter campaign. The theatre will open on Boxing-night, and among the attractions of the first night a new pantomime is spoken of. The house is to be completely redecorated.

ART JOURNAL.

A Topographical Map of London and its Environs.
By ROBERT W. MYLNE, Civil Engineer, &c. London: Wyld.

AN ingenious, laborious, and truly valuable undertaking. It is a coloured map representing accurately all the public ways, the general surface soils, the alluvial deposits, the made ground, and accumulated debris, with its various depths and the underlying strata. To architects, builders, excavators, purchasers of land, and scientific persons, this map is an invaluable acquisition.

Talk of the Studios.

MR. BEHNES has completed a colossal bust of the Duke of Wellington, by order of the King of Prussia. It will shortly be sent to Berlin, and is in the meanwhile exhibited at the rooms of Messrs. Graves and Co., Pall-mall. —The committee of the Architectural Exhibition have taken the Portland Gallery in Regent-street for their exhibition, and arranged that it shall open on the 12th of January next. —The premium of 50*l.* offered by Mr. Wyld for the best design and model for galleries and staircases for the Great Globe in Leicester-square, has been awarded to Messrs. Aickin and Capes, of Islington. Between twenty and thirty designs were sent in. —Several of the great City companies have purchased various specimens of art from the late Exhibition, and the beautiful little statue of Her Majesty (by Francis), which long adorned the Crystal Palace, is likely to be soon transferred to Drapers' Hall. —The prize of one hundred guineas offered by the managers of the Manchester Institution of fine arts, has been awarded to Mr. E. M. Ward for his picture of Marie Antoinette and Louis the Sixteenth, exhibited last season at the Royal Academy, —and now exhibiting at Manchester. The Heywood gold medal and money prize accompanying it, has been assigned to the same artist for the same picture. —From recent proceedings in the Academy of Sciences at Paris, reported in an American journal, we perceive that some of the experiments of M. St. Victor, as well as of M. Becquerel, in heliochromy or sun colouring, have been published. A silver plate, prepared with water acidulated with hydrochloric acid and the battery, gives, it is said, all the colours, by the action of light, but the ground of the plate is always black, and the fixation is a difficulty and a secret. It has also been found that all the substances which produce coloured flames will yield coloured images by means of light. —Alexis, an Hungarian artist, has been imprisoned by the Austrian Government, at Pesth, for having executed a bust of the late Count Louis Batthyany. —Union Monument is to be erected at New Orleans, at a cost of 20,000 dollars. It will perpetuate the name of Henry

Clay, a statue of whom is to occupy the summit. —The Free Society of Fine Arts, of Paris, are subscribing for a monument to the late M. Daguerre, who was a member of their body, to be erected at Petit-Brie, where he lies buried. —Kaulbach has undertaken to paint the walls of the hall in the New Museum, at Berlin, and has designed three great seats of tableaux—the destruction of the Tower of Babel, Greek Cultivation through the aid of Homer, and the Destruction of Jerusalem. The last-named work is rapidly progressing to completion. —A discovery of a very interesting nature has just taken place in one of the cells of the Castle of St. Angelo, on the wall of which, towards the corner, a rough and nearly effaced indication of Christ on the Cross was brought to light a few days ago. This drawing or painting is thought to be that which Benvenuto Cellini, in his admirable autobiography, mentions having executed with charcoal and brickdust on the wall of his prison, when confined by order of Pope Paul III., in the Castle of St. Angelo, in the year 1539. —The Museo Lateranense, founded by Gregory XVI., is progressing, and increasing satisfactorily. In the splendid spaces of the Aula, which had been constructed under Sixtus V. out of the old patriarchal palace, many ancient inscriptions, columns, fragments, and cippi are now deposited. Besides many Roman and old Christian sarcophagi, the statue of Antinous from the villa of Adrian, near Tivoli, the antiaette Neptune, the Dancing Faun, the bust of Sophocles from Terracina are to be seen; moreover, a specimen, perhaps unique in its way, the statue of a slave, which, merely *ebauché*, has been dug up in some foundations near the Collegio Germanico. Amongst the latest acquisitions are eight statues of superior workmanship, found in the Augusteum of the Municipium of Cœne, representing members of the family of Octavian. —For many years past the foreign pictures imported into the United Kingdom have averaged above ten thousand annually. *The Art Journal* gives the following list of the number imported during the past year:—Hanseatic Towns, 1,100; Holland, 1,518; Belgium, 2,286; France, 2,982; Italy,—Duchy of Tuscany, 1,045; other parts of Italy, 362; Portugal, 147; Spain, 197; Malta, 231; all other countries, 1,340; total, 11,217.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

THE HAYMARKET and PRINCESS'S have re-opened with little material alteration from the companies of last season. At the former the valuable services of Mrs. STIRLING have been secured, and the season opened with MACFARREN'S opera of *Charles the Second*, originally produced under Mr. MADDOX'S management of the Princess's, in which Miss LOUISA PYNE established herself with the public as a dramatic singer. The only deviation from the original cast is the substitution of Mr. DESANGES for Mr. CORRI, in the part of Rochester, and the appearance of Miss PYNE as *The Queen*. *The Ladies' Battle* has been reproduced here, with Mrs. STIRLING and LEIGH MURRAY in their original parts. For French adaptations, Mrs. STIRLING at present stands alone. There is a quiet piquancy, combined with a true and unobtrusive appreciation of the pathetic, about this lady's acting, which renders her no unworthy representative of her predecessor in the original version—a great actress, without doubt, but to whom, I think, we have given a superabundant degree of praise.

The opening play at the Princess's was *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, put on the stage and acted as five-act plays are at this theatre, under the present management,—with every requisite that good taste and experience can suggest. *Town and Country* has been revived, and *Henry the Fourth* may be seen frequently in the bills. There is also a new farce, but I have as yet had no opportunity of judging as to its merits. Report speaks well of it.

At the OLYMPIC, great are the attempts to make the attractions of Miss LAURA KEENE weigh against the majority of the company. *The Road to Ruin*, and *Romeo and Juliet* have been played since my last, and on Saturday (the 29th) *Othello* will be performed.

M. JULLIEN continues to draw such audiences to his justly popular Promenade Concerts, as OLD DRURY has not witnessed of late years, at any other species of entertainment. There is less of the light dance music of which these concerts were at first entirely composed, and more careful selections from good operas, and symphonies. M. JULLIEN is slowly and surely leading up the public to the appreciation of good music. There are the wonders of BOTTESINI, the splendid music of *Don Giovanni*, the *Storm*, and other symphonies, and for those that like dance music, the pretty *Crystal Fountain* polka, and the *Prima Donna* waltz. The *Bal Masque* will take place on the 12th.

A one-act piece, entitled *Counter-Attraction*, or *Strollers v. Stratagems*, from the pen of the veteran actor, Mr. TILBURY, was produced at the STRAND on Monday night. The chief feature of the piece consists in a display of the versatility of Mr. JOHN REEVE, and his powers of imitation.

At SADLER'S WALLS, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, has been revived. The *Sir Giles Overreach* of Mr. PHELPS is a most carefully studied performance, and the play is acted throughout in a manner that reflects great credit on the management.

The rumour I hinted of in my last, as to the KEELYSE taking a theatre, is unfounded.
LORNETTE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DREAM THAT WAS REALLY DREAMT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—In the concluding part of your very gratifying notice of my little book, you say: "If it be, what its title expresses, a *Dream that was really Dreamt*, it is certainly very curious and interesting." I shall feel it a kindness if you will insert the following quotation from p. 6:—

"I shall relate the several details of my dream precisely as they presented themselves to my mind, instead of deviating from any of them, where I might otherwise have been tempted to do so. I have wished rather that my narrative should be strictly that which its title imports—*The Dream that was really Dreamt*."

I am, &c.

THE AUTHOR OF "*The Dream that was really Dreamt*."

RAMBLES THROUGH ROME.

[The following letter was sent to *The Athenæum*, and refused insertion. In justice to the writer we give it a place at his request.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—On my return from the continent, I happened to meet with your review on my *Rambles through Rome* (in *The Athenæum* for the 27th September, 1851), and although I have no intention of arguing with any of the opinions expressed by the reviewer, still, as facts are facts, you must allow me to observe that he is completely mistaken in asserting that the volume is "made up partly of compilation." The work, bad or good, is entirely my own, consisting of scenes and facts that have come under my personal observation, unless, indeed, the reviewer considers the necessary allusions to the History of the Popes in the light of a compilation—at which rate, all histories, except such as are written by contemporaries, must be regarded in the light of compilations.

As your readers might be deterred from purchasing the work, if given to understand it to be but an affair of paste and scissors, I trust to your candour to insert this letter in an early number, and remain,

Sir, yours respectfully,

C. LE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN.

9th November, 1851.

France.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, November 28, 1851.

THE question of international copyright, as affecting all civilized countries, seems approaching a termination. The convention between France and England may be law before these lines reach your readers. This is a great step in the history of the progress of literature, a subject for gratulation on the part of the wise and the good, and of pleasant promise to the class of professional literary men, generally the worst remunerated, and, at the same time, the most influential in the community. To a certain extent the abolition of piracy in France will benefit English authors and publishers, will promote correct translations of valuable works into English, but less so than the abolition of American piracy, carried on to an extent which few have an idea of among the general public. But the example of this fresh union between France and England will do good. On the present occasion, however, I wish to allude to a subject which excites wide attention here—the piracy of French works in Belgium, and their circulation over the whole continent of Europe and in England. This is a question interesting to all persons of literary tastes and habits, who form a country of themselves, separated by no customs' barrier, and who take naturally a warm interest in the well-being of the whole republic of letters, whether its citizens dwell in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America. M. Paul de Musset has taken advantage of the commercial treaty between France and Belgium expiring in 1852, to rouse the attention of the Government to the subject.

The *contre facon* of French works, as a question of property, is truly an usurpation; in a commercial point of view it is mere piracy. The loss to publishers in Paris is estimated at above ten millions of francs, to say nothing of engravings, lithographs, *statuettes*, bronzes, &c. Not only are these spurious editions exclusively sold in Belgium, and widely in England, in Germany, Russia, and particularly Prussia, but the pirates have the audacity to invade France itself, and to fill the little libraries of Lille, Valenciennes, Thienville, &c., with their fac-similes. They thus blockade French editions, and keep them from leaving France, and they even injure the sale here. Works of merit, which succeed not only in France but throughout reading Europe, arrive at no second edition in Paris, because in Brussels four or five appear, which, paying no author, comparatively no advertisements, are cheap, and supply exclusively the British and general continental market.

But, cry certain Job's comforters, authors gain in

fame what they lose in profit. In the first place we have to remark that authors in general, certain exceptions excluded from the list, cannot afford to throw away one penny of money, and that anything which deprives them of a chance of proper remuneration is positively injurious, and the cause of much trial and suffering. But then, authors do not gain in reputation, especially in Belgium. If no piracies could take place, the genuine works of successful authors would be in quite as great demand abroad as they are now, especially as larger editions would secure cheaper prices. Publishers who now print in France 2,000 copies of a book, would print 10,000, and sell them at a third of the present price. Authors would, in truth, gain in reputation by the abolition of piracy; their books would no longer go before the public in hastily-printed and carelessly-revised editions, while they would especially avoid the mortification of appearing as authors of books they either never wrote, or never intended for publication in a collected form. Brussels is a city of importance. Its catalogues teem with titles of books which surround the author. Some are wholly apocryphal, others are collections of scattered magazine articles, hastily-written productions of ephemeral interest, pitchforked into volumes. When a well-known author has the audacity to cease to write for some time, the Brussels pirates send out a ship under false colours, and, stamped with the well-known name, it sells. The Americans are guilty of both enormities, and personally I do not know which annoyed me most, the introduction into England of a fourpenny edition of a work I bought at five shillings, or the publication in a portly volume of a long-winded romance, originally hastily penned for a magazine, but which I was nowise ambitious to see given the importance of a three-volume novel, until I had time and leisure to revise it.

Many persons, as Paul de Musset observes, cry out that this is a new claim of literature, and that Pierre Corneille used to authorize the booksellers of Holland to reproduce his works. But in those days other things existed which we would not bear now; and had the booksellers have paid better, Pierre Corneille would not have been without shoes at seventy.

There are in Paris about 1,200 professional authors, with a vast body of booksellers, publishers, printers, paper-makers, &c., who are injured to an incalculable extent by these pirates. This every body knows; but the great question is, how is it to be remedied? It appears a very easy matter, if the French Government would but exert themselves. During the reign of Louis Philippe, the French Government gave to that of Leopold a commercial treaty, which favoured the coal and linen of Flanders, at the expense of that of England. This treaty expires on the 16th of August, 1852, and it remains for France, when renewing it, to insist, as a condition of whatever advantage she gives to Belgium, on the rigid abolition of the present system.

The literary men of Belgium cry out against piracy. They are, like the American authors, heavy sufferers. A few speculative publishers alone monopolise the honours of piracy. And then, their profits are decreasing. They have reached a point of competition almost incredible. They sell at all but unremunerative prices, after drawing the noble and monied classes into taking shares in companies which have never given any dividend, but which insure them supporters in the Legislature.

Then, again, the French publishers have commenced vigorously the issue of cheap editions in twopenny numbers, such as that of George Sand, admirably printed, with copious illustrations by Tony Johannot. This has alarmed the pirates so much that they have prohibited their correspondents, who are deeply in their debt, from receiving any other edition than those of Brussels, of French works, and have engaged to reprint in future *everything* which appears in Paris. But then the correspondents, seeing whence this notice proceeds, refuse to pay, and place the pirates at their mercy.

The abolition of piracy would benefit French authors and publishers, and the genuine, fair bookselling trade of Brussels itself. They could buy, for a fair price, the right to republish the works originally appearing in Paris, and thus not be exposed to ruinous competition.

Let the Government here, then, show an example of firmness.

An important artistic discovery has just been made at Florence, in the ancient and celebrated church of Santa Croce. A member of the Academy of Fine Arts in that town, M. Charles Morelli, having been charged by the monks of the parish to execute the pictures in the chapel of this church consecrated to St. Francis, and belonging to Count Guicciardini, thought he recognised, while beginning his labours upon the white wall which he had to decorate, the existence of a fresco of Giotto. Advice was sent to the Marquis del Monte, president of the Academy of Fine Arts, at Florence, and member of the Opera of Santa Croce. While waiting for the visit of the president of the Academy, the monks requested the artist to continue his work. M. Morelli immediately laid bare a dozen full length figures, about twenty heads, all magnificent, both for sentiment and expression. This fresco, which inexplicable circumstances have caused to be concealed from all eyes, has been described by Vasari, it is said, as a splendid mosaic. It represents several episodes in the life of St. Francis, and is one of Giotto's first pieces. At the expiration of a day or two the Marquis del Monte examined into the reality of the discovery; an artist of his choice

was selected to complete the operation just commenced, with the assistance of Professor Morelli; but he preferred retiring, to sharing the honour of restoring to art and Tuscany one of the most beautiful works of the greatest of painters.

Many persons have asserted that the arts have been ruined by the revolution. Certainly painters, engravers, &c., have lost temporarily much. But still many rich and expensive works, to say nothing of portraits, have been executed. Several splendid productions are in course of publication. I may mention three which will doubtless meet with separate notice. The *Histoire des Peintres de toutes les Ecoles*, from the Renaissance until our days, by Charles Blanc, is a magnificent series, of which fifty-eight numbers have appeared. The *Peintres vivans*, by all the leading engravers of the day, with seventy-five plates, and the *Architecture du cinquième au seizième Siècle*, les arts qui en dépendent, in 200 numbers, are both worthy of especial commendation. There are numerous other similar serial publications in course of appearance.

Periodical literature and cheap books, in numbers for the people, are things which the French have not hitherto shared. They have since the revolution very much increased in quantity. This is as it should be. The humanising influence of good literature is incalculable, and the appearance of Scott, Cooper, Sand, and the best French writers of the day, in twopenny illustrated parts, is a good sign.

The notice of the Prison Literature of France might be of late very much extended if we remarked on all the productions which have lately been published by newspaper editors, confined for violation of the Loi-Tinguy. Those which refer to prison discipline, by Louis Jourdan, are especially interesting.

Much that is valuable in literature is spoken of as in the stocks, but political affairs will probably retard for some time the appearance of anything very important. Nearly every great name in letters appertains to a man who is also active in public life, and events will probably occur to occupy their utmost attention for some time.

I will, however, look out for all that appears, and give you regularly appreciations of everything of mark and note in the literary world.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—The submarine telegraph between Dover and Calais is completed throughout, and works perfectly, and is in constant use both for public and private communications. The company have invited tenders for supplying and laying down a second line across the Channel, so that there will soon be little probability of any interruption in the intercourse between Europe and the Continent. Advertisements and notices announce that messages are now forwarded from London bridge station to Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, Cologne, Berlin, Dresden, Frankfurt, Hamburg, Munich, Vienna, Trieste, Venice, and all intermediate towns.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—A very daring plan of extending the search for Sir John Franklin has been suddenly matured. Lieut. Pim—who served under Capt. Kellett in *The Herald*, which has lately returned from Behring's Straits—volunteered his services to the Admiralty to examine the shores of Siberia, from the mouth of the river Kolyma to the extent of ten thousand miles, as Lieut. Pim states in his paper, but as regards the coast line of only two thousand miles. The Admiralty having declined entertaining Lieut. Pim's plan, Lady Franklin at once offered to place 500*l.* in Mr. Pim's hands, and Lord John Russell has also granted 500*l.* from the Treasury, towards paying Lieut. Pim's expenses, and the brave soldier has already started on his humane expedition. — On Wednesday a very full meeting of the Geographical Society was held to hear from Capt. Ommanney an account of his expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, and from some other naval officers, who had been similarly employed, their opinions as to the probabilities of success in future researches. The chair was taken by Sir Woodbine Parish, and there were also present, Mr. Lawrence, the American Minister, Capt. Fitzroy, Colonel Lloyd, Sir Edward Belcher, several naval officers who had been connected with polar expeditions, and several other gentlemen well known in the scientific world. Capt. Ommanney was accompanied by York, the Esquimaux sailor, who was the object of general curiosity. Among the preliminary business was a vote of thanks to the American Government for a magnificent collection of maps, and a similar vote to Lord John Russell for the grant of 500*l.* towards the expenses of Lieut. Pim's Siberian expedition.

Meetings of Scientific Societies.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—The first meeting of the season was held November 20, Lord Mahon presided. The library seems destined soon to exceed the space at present allotted to the books, and the reading of the list of donations since July last, occupied an unusually large portion of time; among them were many valuable books, especially from Sweden and the United States.

Among the latter was Mr. Schoolcraft's splendid illustrated work (issued under the direction of Congress) on the history and present condition of the Indian tribes. The learned societies of Normandy and other parts of France sent the annals of their proceedings. The new members proposed were the Rev. E. Kell, of the Isle of Wight; and Hepworth Dixon, Esq. The election of Mr. Phillips was appointed for the next sitting. The president read a report from Captain W. H. Smyth (director and vice-president) on the recent splendid donation of Roman coins, &c., by the Rev. Mr. Kerrieh, of Cambridge. They consist of nearly 4,000 specimens, some of them of the greatest rarity, and many of them in the finest state. All these have been arranged chronologically and historically during the recess, and placed in cabinets for the inspection of members. They constitute a noble addition to the collection already in the museum of the society. William Root, Esq., M.D., sent for exhibition a large round mass of brick-earth (perforated through the centre), found on the known site of Caesar's camp, between Kingston and Wimbledon. Through Mr. J. R. Smith some singular early rubbings from Christian monuments in and on churches in Normandy were laid upon the table. The paper of the evening was from Mr. Pettigrew, containing the confirmation of a known theory, that the Egyptians, when embalming the bodies, placed in different parts the emblems of the deities supposed to preside over those parts. There are nearly thirty recognised deities, but hitherto it has been only found that the emblems of four were contained in mummies. In answer to a question from Lord Mahon, the author of the paper stated that he had not yet discovered that the Egyptians supposed any deity to be appropriated to the brain, as the seat of nervous sensation.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—Nov. 10*th*.—Sir R. I. Murchison, president, in the chair. The Crown Prince of Sweden and the Grand Duke Constantine were admitted members. Lieut. Pim, R.N., laid before the meeting his scheme for an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. His plan is based on the idea that the missing ships are to be sought for on the Northern Asiatic coasts. If Franklin passed through Wellington Channel, and found a more open sea, it would be easy to penetrate far westward, but his obstruction would begin on endeavouring to land southward of Behring's Straits. They might be entangled in some labyrinth of ice and islands abreast of Behring's Straits, or southwest in the Siberian Seas. Wrangel's narrative was quoted to show that Russian ships found great difficulty in advancing eastward from the currents setting there against them, which rendered it more probable that *The Erebus* and *Terror* had drifted beyond Baffin's Straits. Lieut. Pim proposed, therefore, to explore the northern coast of Siberia. Lady Franklin had offered to advance 500*l.*, and Lord John Russell has since offered 500*l.* from the Treasury; and he intended to proceed to St. Petersburg immediately. He purposes travelling with a single attendant, and calculates that by 1854 the search will be completed. His route will be by Moscow, Tobolsk, Irkutsk, Yakoutz, a distance of nearly 5500 miles, by sledges. At Yakoutz regular travelling ceases, after which 1200 miles by the River Kolyma, and 2000 miles of coast search will be made as the resources of the country admit.

Nov. 12.—Sir R. I. Murchison, president, in the chair.—Lieut. Pim, R.N., described his plan of an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin.

LINNEAN.—Nov. 4.—Robert Brown, Esq., president, in the chair. Mr. R. P. Bamber and Hugh Cleghorn, M.D., were elected Fellows. Mr. Couch communicated the discovery, on the coast of Cornwall, of a shell-less mollusk, allied to the *Onchidium celticum*, Cuvier.

GEOLOGICAL.—Nov. 5.—W. Hopkins, Esq., president, in the chair. Capt. Collinson, R.E., was elected a Fellow. The following communications were read: "Notice of the Occurrence of an Earthquake at Santiago and Valparaiso, April 2, 1851."

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Nov. 11.—Sir W. Cubitt, president, in the chair. The paper read was, "An investigation of the Strains upon the Diagonals of Lattice-beams, with the resulting Formulae," by Mr. W. T. Doyno and Prof. W. B. Blood.

ASIATIC.—Nov. 15.—The Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie in the chair. The secretary read a paper by W. H. Bradley, Esq., of the Bombay Medical Service, containing an account of the Rock-cut Caves of Aurangabad.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

1. OF BOOKS, &c.

MR. JERDAN is, we are assured, proceeding, as rapidly as needful references to its earlier portions will admit, with his "Autobiography and Reminiscences," the commencement of which will relate to the youth of some of the highest dignitaries of the law now living, and the sequel will illustrate, from forty years of intimacy, the characters and acts of George Canning, and nearly all the leading statesmen, politicians, *literati*, and artists, who have flourished within that period. — Among the works in preparation by Messrs. Black is a "Mémorial of the late Lord Jeffrey, by his friend Lord Cockburn." This biography will possess peculiar inter-

rest, from Lord Jeffrey's literary position as one of the originators, and for so many years editor of *The Edinburgh Review*. His connection with Byron, originating in fierce hostility and terminating in warm friendship, as well as his connection with many other distinguished men, and the grace of his epistolary style, will also, we hope, impart an interesting character to its contents.

Heine's new work, *Romanero*, has been prohibited at Berlin, and the copies in the booksellers' shops confiscated.—Mr. Bohn has followed the example of Mr. Routledge; and has surrendered the Washington Irving copyright battle to Mr. Bentley, and Mr. Murray.

It is somewhat remarkable that the works of our great dramatist have never yet been translated into any of the Scandinavian languages; but the council of the Shakespeare Society, at its recent meeting, received a very welcome and unexpected present in the shape of a translation of Shakespeare, in twelve volumes 8vo, into Swedish verse. This laborious work has been accomplished by Professor Hagberg, of the University of Lund, and it was transmitted through the Swedish Minister resident in London.—Don Juan Hartzenbusch, a Spanish author, assisted by a clever publisher, Senor Rivadencira, has commenced a reprint of the works of the most distinguished Spanish authors, from the earliest ages to the present time. This reprint is entitled *Biblioteca de Autores Espanoles*.—The Voss Gazette, of Berlin, states that the librarian of the Emperor of Russia, has purchased, for the Imperial Library, a complete collection of all the pamphlets, placards, caricatures, songs, &c., published at Berlin during the revolutionary movement of 1848.—Dr. Smith, bishop of Victoria, Hong Kong, has sent to the library of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, a Chinese work *On the Geography and History of Foreign Nations*, by Seu-ke-yu, Governor of the Province of Fokeen. Seu-ke-yu is a man of high official station, a distinguished scholar, and very liberal in his views. He commences the Geographical part of his book with a statement of the spherical form of the earth, as opposed to the universal belief in China of its being a vast level area, of which the Celestial Empire occupies the central and most considerable part. Numerous maps illustrate the text, being tolerably correct copies from European atlases, the names given in Chinese characters. The work is in six volumes, very well printed, and instead of binding, each part is contained in a wooden case, ingeniously folding, and fastened with ivory pins.

2. OF LITERARY MEN.

M. de Lamartine is still very ill, and without hope of speedy recovery.—Mr. Sheriff Alison, the historian, has been re-elected, without opposition, to fill the office of Lord Rector of Glasgow University for another year.—Francois Arago, the great French astronomer, was recently brought from his sick bed to the Assembly, and walked up the chamber, supported upon the arms of two of his colleagues, to give his vote in favour of the government suffrage bill.—The Senatus Academicus of the University of St. Andrews has unanimously conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on Mr. Daniel Wilson, author of the *Archæology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland*.—The Court of Queen's Bench a fortnight since granted Dr. Achilli a rule nisi, calling on Messrs. Burns & Lambert, the publishers, to show cause why a criminal information should not be issued against them for publishing in Westminster, a libel delivered in Birmingham by Dr. Newman, in a lecture to the Brothers of the Oratory there. Dr. Newman having since admitted the authorship of the lecture, the original rule for a criminal information against him, has been made absolute.—A relative of Mr. Gladstone has been excluded from a *cercle*, or club, in Paris by the priestly party, because his uncle, the member for Oxford, denounced the tyranny of the Neapolitan government! and a young Roman artist has been banished from Rome for the crime of being called Giovanni Mazzini!—Daily, about noon, the loungers under the "Linden" at Berlin are startled by the extraordinary appearance of a tall, lanky woman, whose thin limbs are wrapped up in a long black robe or coarse cloth. An old crumpled bonnet covers her head, which continually moving turns restlessly in all directions. Her hollow cheeks are flushed with a morbid coppery glow; one of her eyes is immovable, for it is of glass, but her other eye shines with a feverish brilliancy, and a strange and almost awful smile hovers constantly about her thin lips. This woman moves with an unsteady quick step, and whenever her black mantilla is flung back by the violence of her movements a small rope of hair with a crucifix at the end is plainly seen to bind her waist. This black ungainly woman is the *quondam* authoress, Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn, who has turned a Catholic, and is now preparing for a pilgrimage to Rome to crave the Pope's absolution for her literary trespasses.—At the suggestion of Douglas Jerrold, a penny subscription is being made to present Kossuth with a copy of Shakspeare's works in a suitable casket. An address to the Hungarian ex-president, from the citizens of Bath, was headed

by the signature of Walter Savage Landor. His letter, in reply to Kossuth's acknowledgment, is worth recording, as a memorial of one so well known in the world of letters:—"Sir,—The chief glory of my life is, that I was the first in subscribing for the assistance of the Hungarians at the commencement of their struggle; the next is, that I have received the approbation of their illustrious chief. I, who have held the hand of Kossuth, now kiss with veneration the signature of Kossuth. No other man alive could confer an honour I would accept."—The British Contributors to the Great Exhibition have it in contemplation to present, the members of the Executive Committee with a substantial testimonial, to mark their sense of the able and considerate manner in which those gentlemen performed the very arduous and responsible duties which devolved upon them; and a meeting is shortly to be convened for the purpose of giving effect to their wishes on this subject.

3. OF INSTITUTIONS, SOCIETIES, &c.

Popular education, whatever character it takes, is regarded more and more as a matter in which all classes have an interest. On the occasion of laying the foundation stone of a new Mechanics' Hall, in the town of Burnley, on Tuesday the 25th ult., there was an unprecedented gathering, not only of the people, but of the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood, with some visitors from distant places; the Earl of Carlisle, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, the Earl of Sefton, as Lord Lieutenant of the County, the Hon. Col. Scarlett, Mr. Charles Towneley, President of the Institution, Sir I. P. R. Shuttleworth, Bart., Mr. J. Wilson Patten, M.P., Mr. James Heywood, M.P., F.R.S., Mr. Lawrence Heyworth, M.P., Mr. James Pilkington, M.P., Mr. George Stansfield, Mr. Spencer T. Hall, Mr. Robert Harley, &c. &c., being among the invited guests who took a part in the proceedings. There was a general holiday in the town, all the factories and shops being closed. About mid-day a procession was formed from Townley Hall, accompanied by bands of music, and including the guests, the officers of the institution, all the masonic and other lodges, and being joined at the park-gates and round the site of the proposed building by about twenty thousand of the inhabitants. Mr. Towneley performed the ceremony of laying the stone amid the gratulations of the multitude, who occupied a species of amphitheatre, and presented a most interesting appearance. The guests and principal inhabitants then dined at the Hall Inn; and a soiree followed in one of the largest chapels in the town, when speeches were delivered by most of the above noblemen and gentlemen and others. Mr. Towneley has munificently presented 500*l.* towards the expenses of the building, of which Mr. James Green is the architect. Messrs. Spencer and Moore, manufacturers, have also given 300*l.*; Alcock, Birkbecks & Co., bankers, 300*l.*; and about 1,000*l.* more has already been subscribed by other parties. The estimated cost of the building is 4,500*l.*—On Tuesday evening last the first of a series of scientific lectures was delivered at the Bank of England Library and Literary Association, which holds its meetings on the premises of the bank. The lecture was delivered by Mr. Alfred Smee, F.R.S., surgeon to the Bank of England, the subject being electro-metallurgy; and it was illustrated by a variety of interesting experiments. The audience, which consisted of about 400 persons, was principally composed of the clerks of the bank.—On Tuesday last the half yearly meeting of the promoters of the society of the Friends of the Clergy, was held at the offices of the Royal General Annuity Society, Basinghall-street, for the purpose of electing six pensioners on the funds. The Rev. J. E. Cox occupied the chair, and had much pleasure in announcing that the society had received a donation of 50*l.* from the masters and fellows of St. John's College, Oxford; and also an annual donation of ten guineas from the president and fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford; and ten guineas from the Dean of Christchurch. The meeting then proceeded to the election of six pensioners from a list of fifty-six candidates.—On Saturday evening, November 22nd, a well attended meeting of the daily newspaper compositors was held at Anderton's Hotel to consider proposals for carrying out the project of The Printers' Athenæum. Several gentlemen engaged on daily newspapers developed the scheme, and urged the necessity of securing for a class of workmen so intimately connected with the work of enlightening the world, and especially for the junior portion of them, every advantage of an educational character.—At a meeting of the Council of the Society of Arts, held on the 17th, the subject of the Ocean Postage was considered, and resolutions passed with a view to further the scheme so long and ardently advocated by Elihu Burritt.—A project is on foot in Cork, to get up an exhibition of art, industry, and national productions there, in the early part of next year.—Mr. Thomas Ainsworth, of Cleator, has offered a prize or scholarship of 100*l.* to every student of the Manchester New College who shall hereafter obtain a gold medal in Uni-

versity College, London.—The *Brussels Herald* states that a typographical congress will shortly be assembled in the Belgian capital;—and adds, "The question of literary piracy, which so deeply affects the interests of several branches of industry in connexion with typography, will furnish an additional incentive to the deliberations of this congress. The initiative of this proposal is due to the delegates of the printers of Namur."—The Venerable Dr. Warneford has just founded in perpetuity, eight new scholarships, of the annual value of 25*l.* each, for the medical students of King's College, London. Six of these (two to be filled up each year) are intended for the encouragement of a previous good education, as tested by an examination in divinity, Greek, Latin, mathematics, modern history, and French or German, which will be held immediately after matriculation at King's College, at the beginning of each October term. The subjects will this year be settled immediately after the sealing of the trust deed. In future, twelve months' notice will be given. These scholarships will be filled up for the first time in October, 1852, and will be tenable for three years, on condition of a certificate of good conduct and diligence being produced at the close of each year. Two other scholarships, tenable for two years (one to be filled up each year), are designed for the benefit of resident medical students, and will be awarded to that student who, having resided in the College-rooms without blame during a considerable part of two years, shall thereupon pass the best examination in divinity, and in such professional subjects as are suitable to his standing. The first examination for this scholarship will take place at the close of the summer session in 1853.—The following is a list of twelve lectures fixed upon by the Society of Arts in compliance with the suggestion made by his Royal Highness Prince Albert some weeks ago. The names of the lecturers augur favourably for the value of their observations on the results of the Great Exhibition:—

Nov. 26, 1851.—Rev. W. Whewell, D.D., F.R.S., Master of Trinity, Inaugural Lecture on the General Bearing of the Exhibition on the progress of Arts and Sciences.—Dec. 2. Sir H. De la Beche, C. B., F.R.S. Mining, Quarrying, and Metallurgical Processes and Products.—Dec. 10. Professor Richard Owen, F.R.S., Animal raw Products.—Dec. 17. Mr. Jacob Bell, M.P., Chemical and Pharmaceutical Processes and Products.—Jan. 7, 1852. Dr. Lyon Playfair, F.R.S., on the Chymical Principles involved in the Manufactures shown at the Exhibition, as a proof of the necessity of an Industrial Education.—Jan. 14. Professor J. Lindley, F.R.S., Substances used as Food.—Jan. 21. Professor Edward Solly, F.R.S., on the Vegetable Substances used in the Arts and Manufactures in relation to Commerce generally. Jan. 28. Rev. Professor R. Willis, F.R.S., Machines and Tools for working in Metal, Wood, and other Materials.—Feb. 4. Mr. J. Glisher, F.R.S., Philosophical Instruments and Processes.—Feb. 11. Mr. R. Hensman, Machinery and Civil Engineering generally.—Feb. 18. Captain Washington, R.N. Shipping, particularly Lifeboats in class 8.—March 3. Professor J. Forbes Royle, F.R.S., the Manufactures of India.

The National Assembly of France has recently made the following grants for the ensuing year:—The Institute, 572,000 francs; Museum of Natural History, 469,780 francs; astronomical establishments, 121,760 francs; telescope of the Observatory, 45,000 francs; National Library, 329,000 francs; subscriptions to books, 120,000 francs; encouragements and assistance to *savans* and authors, 180,000 francs; learned societies, 35,000 francs; scientific journeys and missions, 66,300 francs; printing of unpublished documents, 120,000 francs; fine arts, 454,500 francs; national museums, 308,700 francs; works of art and decorations for public buildings, 900,000 francs; purchases of pictures and statues for the Louvre, 100,000 francs; preservation of national monuments, 745,000 francs; encouragement to artists and actors, 75,000 francs; subscriptions to works in the fine arts, 136,000 francs; for the work called *Rome Souveraine*, 100,000 francs; pensions and relief to artists, dramatists, musical composers, and their widows, 137,000 francs; subvention to the theatres, 1,329,000 francs; theatrical censorship, 22,000 francs; subvention to the pension fund of the Opera, 200,000 francs; subvention to the pension fund of the Conservatoire de Musique, 10,000 francs; Conservatoire and Schools of Arts and Trades, 1,163,000 francs; National Printing Office, 256,440 francs; making a total of upwards of 300,000*l.* of English money.

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

LITERARY TREATY BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

THE following are the main provisions of the treaty between England and France, for the suppression of literary piracy, as given by *The Literary Gazette*. It will be seen that it is likely materially to affect the interests of authors, publishers, dramatists, musical composers, and artists:—

"Art. 1. From the period at which, conformably to the stipulations of art. 14, hereinafter mentioned, the present convention shall come into force, the authors of works of literature or art, to whom the laws of either country now ensure, or shall in future ensure, the right of property or authorship, shall be authorized to exercise the said right on the territory of the other country,

during the same time and within the same limits as would be allowed in the latter country to the right attributed to authors of works of the same nature if published there; so that the reproduction or piracy by persons of one country of any work of literature or art published in the other, shall be treated as if it were the reproduction or piracy of works of the same nature, originally published in the former country. Moreover, the authors of one of the two countries shall have the same action before the tribunals of the other, and enjoy the same guarantees against piracy or unauthorized reproduction, as are or may hereafter be granted to authors in the latter country. It is understood that the words, "works of literature or art," used at the beginning of this article, comprise the publication of books, dramatic works, musical compositions, drawings, paintings, sculptures, engravings, lithographs, and any other production whatever of literature or fine arts. The representatives of authors, translators, composers, painters, sculptors, or engravers, shall enjoy in every respect the same rights as those which the present convention grants to the authors, translators, composers, painters, sculptors, or engravers, themselves.

"Art. 2. The protection granted to original works is extended to translations. It is, nevertheless, well understood that the object of the present article is merely to protect the translator in so far as his own translation is concerned, and not to confer an exclusive right of translation upon the first translator of a work whatever, except in the cases and within the limits mentioned in the following article:—

"Art. 3. The author of any work published in one of the two countries who shall have declared his intention of reserving his right of translation, shall, from the day of the first publication of the translation of his work, authorized by him, enjoy during five years the privilege of protection against the publication of any translation of the same work, unauthorized by him, in the other country; and this on the following conditions: 1st. The original work shall be registered and deposited in one of the two countries within a period of three months from the day of the first publication in the other country. 2ndly. The author must have declared his intention of reserving to himself the right of translation on the title-page of his work. 3rdly. At least a part of the said authorized translation must have appeared within a year of the date of registration and deposit of the original; and the whole of it must have appeared within a space of three years from the date of the said deposit. 4thly. The translation must have been published in one of the two countries, and be registered and deposited, as directed in art. 8. As regards works published in parts, it is sufficient that the declaration by which the author reserves his right of translation be expressed in the first part. Nevertheless, in so far as regards the period of five years assigned by this article to the author for the exercise of his privilege of translation, every part shall be considered a new work; each shall be registered and deposited in one of the two countries within three months from the day of its first publication in the other.

"Art. 4. The stipulations of the preceding articles shall apply also to the representation of dramatic works, and to the execution of musical compositions, in so far as the laws of each of the two countries are or may be applicable in this respect to dramatic or musical works, publicly represented or executed for the first time in the said countries. Nevertheless, in order to have a right to legal protection, in so far as regards the translation of a dramatic work, the author must publish his translation within three months after the registration and deposit of the original work. It is understood that the protection stipulated by the present article is not intended to prohibit *bona fide* imitations or the adaptation of dramatic works to the respective theatres of France or England respectively; but only to prevent pirated translations. The question of imitation or piracy shall in all cases be determined by the tribunals of the respective states, according to the legislation in force in either country respectively.

The other articles are of minor importance.

"By Art. 5, newspaper articles may be freely translated, on condition of quoting the original paper, provided the author of such an article has not publicly declared his intention of preventing reproduction.

"Art. 6 prohibits the introduction and sale of pirated works, whether printed in France or England, or any other country.

"By Art. 7 such contraband works shall be seized and destroyed, and the persons who have introduced or sold them may be prosecuted.

"Art. 8 regulates the formalities of registration in the two countries.

"Art. 9 extends the same formalities to productions of literature and art not specially mentioned.

"Art. 10 regulates the duty of importation upon works of literature and art in the two countries.

"Art. 11 stipulates that the two powers shall mutually communicate to each other the new laws and regulations that may hereafter be made in either country with regard to literary property.

"Art. 12 reserves to each Government the right of prohibiting any production it may think necessary so to prohibit.

"Art. 13, in execution of treaties with other powers on the subject of literary property.

"Art. 14 stipulates that the Queen of England

engages to present a bill to the British Parliament, for the ratification of such clauses in the present enactment as require a legislative sanction. A day is then to be fixed, on which the present convention is to come into force, and such day shall be duly announced by each Government. The convention is to be applicable only to works, &c. published after that date, and is to last ten years, and continue to be in force until a twelve-months' notice be given."

List of New Books.

- Adams's Oriental Text-Book and Language of Flowers, sq., 5s. cl.
 Adcock's Engineers' Pocket-Book for 1852, fc. 8vo. 6s. cl.
 Almanack of the Fine Arts for 1852, by Buss, 12mo. 1s. swd.
 Analysis and Summary of Old Testament History, 5s. 6d. cl.
 Arundines Cami, five Musarum Cantabrigiensium, 12s. cl.
 Babylon and Jerusalem, from the German, fc. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
 Barker's (T.) Beauty of the Flowers in Field and Wood, 5s. 6d.
 Bartlett's Footsteps of Our Lord and His Apostles, engravings, 14s.
 Barwell's (Mrs.) Good in Everything, with Illustrations, sq. 3s. 6d.
 Bible Coins, 8vo. 2s. 6d. in case.
 Bible of Every Land; a History of Sacred Scriptures, maps, &c. 42s.
 Bon Gaultier's Book of Ballads, with Additions, 8s. 6d. cl.
 Book (The) of One Syllable, coloured engravings, sq. 2s. 6d.
 Bowring's (J. L. D.) Matins and Vespers, 18mo. 2s. 6d.
 Boy's (The) Week-Day Book, 12mo. 3s. cl.
 Brewer's (Rev. Dr.) Guide to Roman History, 18mo. 3s. 6d.
 Bridge's Exposition of the 119th Psalm, cr. 8vo. 7s. cl.
 Brodie's (B. C., Bart.) Physiological Researches, 8vo. 6s. cl.
 Brown's (J. B.) Views of Canada, 2nd ed. with Map, 4s. 6d.
 Buff's (H.) Familiar Letters on Physics of the Earth, 5s. cl.
 Burton's (Lieut.) Scenes in Scinde, 2 v. cr. 8vo. 21s. cl.
 Bylee's (Serg.) Sophisms of Free Trade Examined, 6s. cl.
 Chalmers (Dr.) Reminiscences of by J. Anderson, 7s. 6d.
 Collier's (G. F.) Code of Safety, fc. 8vo. 5s. cl.
 Convent (The) and the Harem, by Madame Pisani, 31s. 6d.
 Cumming's (Dr.) Infant Salvation, 4th ed. fc. 8vo. 2s. cl.
 Cumming's (Rev. J.) Velices of the Day, 4th ed. fc. 8vo. 7s.
 Dale's (R.) Excursion to Isthmus of Tehuantepec, plates, 2s. 6d. cl.
 D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, new ed. 4 v. 6s.
 Daughter Deborah, by the Author of "The Miser's Secret," 31s. 6d.
 Dick's Philosophy of Religion, new ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d. swd. 2s. cl.
 Downing's (C. T., M.D.) Neuralgia, its various Forms, &c. 10s. 6d.
 Encyclopaedia Metropolitana, Vol. XIX.: Arnold's (Dr.) History of the Roman Republic, engravings, 8vo. 8s. 6d.
 Encyclopaedia Metropolitana: Method, Logic, and Rhetoric, 5s.
 Ewart's (W.) Anchuras, and other Poems, 12mo. 5s. cl.
 Exile (The) of the Waters, and other Poems, by M. D. H., 2s. 9d.
 Fair Carew (The); or, Husbands and Wives, 3 v. 31s. 6d. cl.
 Falkenberg, by Author of "Mildred Vernon," &c. 3 vols. 31s. 6d. cl.
 Gausson's (L., D.D.) Theopneustia, fc. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
 Geldart's (Mrs. T.) Stories of Scotland, with Map, 2s. 6d. cl.
 Good Shepherd (The) and His Little Lambs, 2nd ed. 3s. 6d.
 Gover's Hand Atlas of Physical Geography, 8vo. 12s. 6d.
 Gover's General and Bible Atlas, 4to. 2s. 6d. cl.
 Hawker's (Rev. J., B.A.) Reminiscences of the Ministry, 6s.
 Hawthorne's (N.) The Scarlet Letter, sq. 1s. 6d. cl.
 Hill's (H. E.) England and Australia, a Poem, cr. 8vo. 6s. cl.
 Hirsch's (P.) The Return of Ulysses, with Grammar, &c. 12mo. 6s.
 Hirsch's (P.) Short Grammar of the German Language 2s.
 Household Hints to Young Housewives, by Martha Careful, 1s.
 Jameson's Principles of Solution of Senate House Riders, 7s. 6d. cl.
 Jameson's (Mrs.) First, or Mother's Dictionary, 8th ed. 3s. 6d.
 Jerrold's (D.) Writings, Vol. II.: Men of Character, 4s. cl.
 Julien's Album for 1852, roy. 4to. 18s. bds., 21s. cl.
 Karlake's Aids to the Study of Logic, Book II., 8vo. 5s. 6d.
 Kingsley's (C., Jun.) Yeast, 2nd ed. cr. 8vo. 5s. cl.
 Kingston's (W. H. G.) Mark Seaworth, with Illustrations, 6s.
 Kirtle's Handbook of Physiology, 2nd ed. cr. 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.
 Kirtle's (Dr.) History of Palestine, new illustrated ed. 6s. 6d.
 Knibb's (W.) Memoir, by Hinton, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Kossuth in England, 8vo. 1s. swd.
 Kossuth, his Life, Times, and Speeches in England, 6d.
 Lamartine's History of Restoration of the Monarchy, Vol. II. 5s. cl.
 Lee's (Mrs.) Anecdotes of the Habits and Instincts of Animals, 6s.
 Library of Health, Vol. II.: Johnson's Theory and Principles of Hydropathy, fc. 8vo. 1s. 6d. swd.
 Library of Illustrated, Standard, Scientific Works, Vol. VI.: Quekett on the Microscope, 2nd ed. 8vo. 22s. cl.
 Little Mary's Lesson Book, with Illustrations, sq. 2s. 6d. cl.
 Litton's (E. A., M.A.) The Church of Christ in its Idea, &c. 8vo. 16s.
 Lives of Certain Fathers of the Church, edited by Bennett Vol. III. 6s.
 Lloyd's Greek Testament, new edit. 18mo. 3s. cl.
 Lund's (T.) Short and Easy Course of Algebra, 2nd edit. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Macdonnell's (Rev. G.) Devotions and Sermons for Mariners, 3s. cl.
 McEwen's Grace and Truth, 3rd edit. fc. 8vo. 2s. cl.
 Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, Vol. XXXIV. 8vo. 18s. cl.
 Michelet's Martyrs of Russia, translated, 12mo. 1s. 6d. swd.
 Mills's Literature and Literary Men of Great Britain, 21s.
 Mitchell's (J.) Agricultural Analysis, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Montgomery's Church of the Invisible, 5th edit. royal 32mo. 3s. 6d.
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DEATHS.

ALEXANDER.—On the 21st October, at Princeton, New Jersey (U. S.) Archibald Alexander, D.D., Theological Professor, in his 80th year. In 1797, at the age of 25, he was made President of Hampden Sydney College. From 1806 to 1812 he was pastor of a Presbyterian church in Philadelphia, from which he was called to the theological chair held by him for nearly the last forty years of his life. His chief works were theological, the best known being on "The Evidences of the Authenticity, Inspiration, and Canonical Authority of the Scriptures." He also wrote a "History of Colonization on the Western Coast of Africa."

CAUNTER.—Recently, the Rev. J. Hobart Caunter. He was the author of "The Island Bride," a poem of some length, and editor of "The Oriental Annual." Mr. Caunter also produced translations, and one or two graver works on historical and biblical subjects, and was an occasional contributor to *The Athenaeum*.

HOPE.—Recently, aged 88, the Right Hon. Charles Hope, for many years Lord President of the Court of Session in Scotland. He had retired from the bench since 1841.

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MR. F. ESPINASSE, Mr. JOHN CHAPMAN, the Bookseller, and Dr. HODGSON, late Keeper of a Manchester Boarding-School. Three Notes.

No. I.—Mr. Espinasse to Mr. Chapman.

"17, Hawley-crescent, Camden-town,

"26th November, 1851.

"Mr. Espinasse has to-day heard from the Editor of *THE CARRIC* that he is accused of harbouring a pique against Mr. Chapman and his *Westminster Review*; because (as is alleged) Mr. Chapman gave a preference to some one else, in selecting a person to compile a Summary of Foreign Literature for *The Westminster Review*.

"The facts of the case are briefly these:

"Some weeks ago, Mr. Espinasse received a note from Mr. —, in which that gentleman informed Mr. E. that Mr. Chapman wanted some one to 'do' a Summary of Foreign Literature for *The Westminster Review*; and he inquired whether that was a job that lay in Mr. Espinasse's way.

"It did not lie in Mr. Espinasse's way. He took no notice of Mr. —'s note, and made no application to Mr. Chapman.

"About a week afterwards, Mr. — (luckily in the company of another gentleman) called upon Mr. Espinasse; and, in the course of the conversation, inquired why Mr. Espinasse had not applied for the job in question. To which Mr. Espinasse replied, that he could have nothing to do with any publication in which Dr. Hodgson had a part.

"Luckily for Mr. Espinasse, there was on this occasion present, besides himself and Mr. —, a third gentleman, to whom, in the event of any public discussion on the question, he can also appeal, in corroboration of the accuracy of the present statement.

"Finally, Mr. Espinasse has to-day heard, from the Publisher of *THE CARRIC*, that Mr. Chapman has made inquiry after 'Espinasse's Letter to Dr. Hodgson.' Mr. Espinasse has to inform Mr. Chapman that the letter in question will not be published; but that, as soon as it is printed, he will send a copy of it to Mr. Chapman."

No. II.—Mr. Chapman to Mr. Espinasse.

"142, Strand, November 27, 1851.

"Mr. Espinasse has been misinformed in reference to the subject of his note of yesterday. Mr. Chapman has not communicated with the Editor of *THE CARRIC* on either that or any other subject, and has not, therefore, inquired of him after 'Espinasse's Letter to Dr. Hodgson,' concerning which he knows nothing, and therefore feels no interest."

No. III.—Mr. Espinasse to Mr. Chapman.

"17, Hawley-crescent, Camden-town,

"27th November, 1851.

"Mr. Espinasse has not been misinformed 'in reference to the subject of his note of yesterday.' He did not say that Mr. Chapman had 'communicated with the Editor of *THE CARRIC*.' The accusation alluded to in that note *has* been preferred against him by a Dr. Hodgson, now resident in Paris, and lately keeper of a Manchester Boarding-school. Mr. Espinasse has not the slightest doubt that the paltry charge in question originated with Mr. Chapman, the Bookseller of 142, Strand.

"With regard to Mr. Chapman's denial of an inquiry after 'Espinasse's Letter to Dr. Hodgson,' all that Mr. Espinasse can say is, that a very dirty little bit of paper, with those words on it, and 'for J. Chapman, 142, Strand,' also on it, was yesterday handed in to the Publisher of *THE CARRIC*. If the subordinates in Mr. Chapman's shop take these liberties, so much the worse for Mr. Chapman.

"In conclusion, and with respect to the final clause of Mr. Chapman's note, Mr. Espinasse has to express a fear that, if Mr. Chapman does not 'feel an interest in anything' concerning which he knows nothing, 'he (Mr. C.) will find this an extremely uninteresting world.'"

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